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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE scene in the House of Commons on Wednesday afternoon has been described by a thousand pens and it was one which none who witnessed it will ever forget. But before he came to the dramatic announcement which dissolved the House in cheers, the Prime Minister had been telling in detail the story of his dealings with the dictator. That also will not easily be forgotten. It was a story of grinding pressure on the unhappy Czechs, of an intransigence and arrogance on Hitler's part which "profoundly shocked" Mr. Chamberlain. We can only hope—without much confidence—that he has no more shocks in store for him. Nor was this all. The most ominous feature of the whole crisis has been the utter ignorance in which the German people have been left. They have been, and still are being, consistently lied to about the issues—about their rulers' aims, about the Czechs, about the attitude of Britain, of France, of Russia, and of the U.S.A. There is small chance of establishing real peace in Europe while this state of delusion persists and while Germany's vast mobilisation continues. On what is coming out of the Four Power conference (which ought to have been a Six or at least a Five Power conference) at Munich, it would be useless to speculate. Mr. Chamberlain is reported to have said on Wednesday night, "It will be all right this time." May his optimism be justified!

Lord Runciman's Recommendations

The White Paper embodying the correspondence with regard to Czechoslovakia reveals several new facts in the situation which culminated, for the moment, in the Prime Minister's speech. First it makes it clear that the Anglo-French plan, presented to the Czech Government on September 19th, had presumably the approval of Lord Runciman, though the British mediator's observations on the situation were not communicated in writing to Mr. Chamberlain and President Benes until two days later. In his letter of September 21st, Lord Runciman begins by showing how his efforts at conciliation were brought to nothing by extremists in the Sudeten-German Party and in the Reich. He did his best to promote acceptance of the Czech Government's "Fourth Plan." When he failed, he felt that his mission had come to an end. This, however, did not prevent his advocating in the latter part of his letter proposals which must have seemed to the Czechs to go considerably beyond a mediator's terms of reference. These proposals were that there should be immediate, "peaceful transfer" to Germany of districts "where the Sudeten population is in an important majority"; that Czechoslovakia's foreign

policy should be that of Switzerland—completely neutral—and that the principal Powers should then guarantee Czechoslovakia against "unprovoked" aggression. The family resemblance between these proposals and the Anglo-French plan is close.

Mr. Chamberlain and Maps

The second reflection which must occur to impartial students of the White Paper is that the Prime Minister throughout was so anxious to secure an agreement "in principle" that he never appreciated, or obstinately refused to see, the difficulties involved in its detailed application. Thus in the Note sent to Prague on September 19th, after the French and British Ministers had endorsed the results of Berchtesgaden, the Czechs were told that the area which they must cede would "probably" (*sic*) have to include districts "with over 50 per cent. of German inhabitants." After his first meeting with Hitler at Godesberg the only "difficulty" which the Prime Minister saw was apparently Germany's insistence that certain areas must be occupied forthwith by German troops. He was ready even to ask the Government at Prague to hand over the Sudeten areas at once to administration by the Sudetens themselves, provided the threat of invasion were withdrawn. Even when he was given the brutal Evacuation Memorandum, drawn up by the Germans on September 23rd, with a map of the territory to be ceded, there is no record in the correspondence that Mr. Chamberlain ever expressed his opinion that—questions of time-table apart—cession of the areas claimed by Germany, either immediately or ultimately (after a "made" plebiscite) would leave Czechoslovakia economically disrupted and ruined. On September 26th he passed on to Hitler the comments to this effect which he had by then received from Prague. Will he have this vital aspect of the problem more clearly before him at Munich?

Spain

While fear of war in Central Europe was rising to its height during the past week, there was a lull in the Spanish conflict. The rebel counter-attack on the Ebro front (the fifth in the last two months) is petering out; the Republican forces are intact and morale is high. Only food is short. Franco's declaration of neutrality in the event of a European war was no doubt a counsel of prudence. But it would not have been likely to do him much good in the long run, since when it came to the point the anti-Fascist Powers almost certainly would—and quite certainly should—take the Spanish Republic into alliance. That would be of the first importance for the security of France's south-western frontier as well as for holding Mussolini in check in the Mediterranean. Meanwhile, Dr. Negrin's proposal to dispense with all the volunteers in the service of the Spanish Government has been put before the League's Political Committee at Geneva. Debate on the scheme was adjourned, after Senor del Vayo had declared that he could not agree to its being referred to the Non-Intervention Committee. As we go to press, there are rumours that Mussolini also contemplates the withdrawal of his Blackshirts from the rebel side. If this is true, he presumably has some alternative plan in mind for getting his way in Spain—a plan which will perhaps mature at the Munich Conference.

Poland Manoeuvres

The meeting of the Munich Conference reduces the news of the doings of the lesser neighbours of the Czechs to a record of symptoms. The Europe in which these Powers of the second rank yapped as jackals round the Nazi lion is still the continent in which they and we must make our home. The conduct of the Poles was adjusted to two events. When they presented their demand that Teschen should be ceded to them on the same terms as the Sudetenland, President Benes replied in a personal, autograph letter, which is said to have conceded their demand "in principle." That in no way satisfied them, and their military preparations went on as before, notably the gathering of a numerous Corps of Volunteers. On the other hand, the Soviet Union gave notice that any Polish military movement against Czechoslovakia would conformably with the terms of this document mean the cancellation of the Russo-Polish Non-Aggression Pact. The answer of Warsaw was in effect that what the Poles might do on their southern frontier was no concern of the Russians. So far as can be judged, however, this Russian move, which cleared the decks for action, together with the perceptible stiffening of British and French backbones, had a considerable effect on the Poles. Left to their own devices, they probably would have attacked the Czechs on flank and rear, and grabbed much more than Teschen. They inclined, after this glimpse of Russian bayonets, to neutrality, with Teschen assured to them in any event. Its loss would not be a major disaster, though it contains good coal. But of that the Czechs have a surplus—so far.

The Balkan Balance

The Hungarians, it seems, have been mobilising quietly, under the guise of "precautionary measures," and their frontier with Czechoslovakia, like that of Poland, has been closed. Rumour talked of a projected march of German troops through Hungary to take the Czechs in flank and rear, and this may have been arranged when Admiral Horthy visited the Führer. On the other hand, an agency telegram from Budapest stated that Jugoslavia and Rumania delivered a warning Note to the effect that they would fulfil their duty as members of the Little Entente if Hungary marched against the Czechs. The correspondent of the *Times* in Belgrade denied, however, that any such Note had been sent. Jugoslav popular sentiment is strongly for the Czechs, and the students are eager to form a legion to fight for them. But Dr. Stoyadinovitch seems to revolve round the Axis, and it is hard to believe that he would have acted up to this supposed Note. Rumania, on the other hand, thanks possibly to the lavish use of British credits, behaved with much less than her usual indecision. The railway which would serve for the transport of Russian troops over her corridor to Czechoslovakia is being rapidly rebuilt. Thus the rather fantastic alliance between the two "buffer" States, Poland and Rumania, crumbled at the first test. Rumania, in an emergency, must always accommodate herself to the policy of her stronger neighbour; the Germans are not yet at her gates; the Russians are.

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General Fafon

HOPES AND FEARS

AFTER a week of intense anxiety and dramatic surprise, all we can be sure of is that the last of Mr. Chamberlain's interventions has succeeded in postponing war. Thursday's meeting at Munich between the Führer, the Duce, Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier is the result of an appeal to Mussolini by the British Prime Minister to persuade his ally to postpone the full mobilisation order announced for 2 o'clock on Wednesday. Mussolini's readiness to plead for time we can well understand. His last speech showed grave anxiety for his own position. It is clear that he realised that war would involve England as well as France and Russia, and it seems probable that this fact had at the eleventh hour also penetrated into the Führer's excited brain. It was not until Tuesday that Britain formally stated her intention of fighting side by side with France and Russia in the event of an attack on Czechoslovakia, and as we read the White Paper which gives the contents of Mr. Chamberlain's conversations with the Führer we can easily understand the grounds on which Hitler persuaded himself up till Wednesday morning that he could gamble on isolating war against Czechoslovakia without incurring more than the formal hostility of Britain.

That this was the Führer's plan one gathers from Mussolini's last speech in which he envisaged, at first, localised war between Germany and Czechoslovakia only followed by a war with the democratic States if they were foolish enough to attack Hitler after he had presented them with a *fait accompli*.

Throughout the entire crisis this doubt about the serious intentions of Britain has been the crux. Mr. Chamberlain has laboured to avoid war, but his deliberate method has been to act as a mediator favourable to Germany's claims, bringing pressure to bear on the Czechs and restricting his warnings to a general statement of solidarity with France in case France was involved. If he had ever understood or been willing to stand on the principle of resistance to aggression as such, he might have made the Führer understand from the beginning that an act of aggression would mean a world war, and on that basis he would have been in a strong instead of a weak position for mediating on the Czechoslovakian issue. Everyone must share in a feeling of immense relief that war, which seemed almost inevitable on Tuesday night, has been at least postponed and very possibly averted. Our relief would be less tempered with anxiety if we could feel confident that Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier, whose sincere desire for peace we all acknowledge, were equally strong in their determination to obtain a settlement which would still leave the Czechs in a position to defend themselves and which would not subject them to intolerable economic hardships. We should be happier about the Four-Power meeting at Munich if Czechoslovakia, whose territory is apparently to be carved up, were represented at the Conference, and if Russia, who is as concerned about Czechoslovakia as France, were not so ostentatiously excluded. The permission given to two Czech representatives to wait in the ante-room while the Big Four talk can give little confidence to Dr. Benes and the Czech people.

Two conceptions of international policy have long been struggling in Europe. They correspond to the two great struggles within society. There is first the old rivalry between the French and British and the German Empires. This found its expression in the Versailles Treaty and it still plays its part beneath the present struggle, which has been transformed into a new and more terrible shape by the ruthless violence of the Nazi regime. Against that there is an effort by the rulers in all the capitalist Powers to solve this conflict, not by a fair adjustment as between themselves and Germany, but by permitting the conquest of any weak countries that the Fascists may covet. The final, but by no means weak, victim would be the U.S.S.R., which represents to them the terrifying idea of international Socialism. If Germany can be allowed to expand in the East, France and England hope—it may well be erroneously—that they themselves may be immune. That is the tactical significance of Hitler's constant appeals to the British and French fear of Bolshevism. And because it is the democratic spirit—still alive in England and France—that still impedes the triumphant march of Fascism, Hitler and Mussolini are insistent on destroying the whole idea of democracy which they call the breeding ground of Bolshevism. The right and honest solution of the world's problems lies in the League idea in which the Powers would unite to resist aggression, but settle their own economic maladjustments by reasonable negotiation. That system rejected, there comes a choice between a war arising out of their own rivalries, or alternatively, a postponement of war by a bid to drive Germany to the East instead of to the West. Czechoslovakia is the obstacle to the attainment of this solution, which, in some circles, is euphemistically known as the Four-Power Pact.

On Wednesday it looked as though the almost incredible intransigence of Hitler would lead to war between the Four Powers. They had persuaded the Czechs to surrender the Sudeten areas; Hitler still seemed bent on war to attain what he had in substance obtained by pressure. On Thursday it looked like a Four-Power agreement, the destruction or at least the neutralisation of Czechoslovakia and the realisation for the time at least of a Four-Power Pact and the consequent drive to the East. Until the results of the Munich discussions are known, hopes and fears must remain in the balance. We would only urge once again that the real issue is the liberation of democratic forces everywhere and that our true allies are to be found wherever the people still struggle against the Fascist attempt to bind their bodies and enslave their minds. We fear that the cause of Spanish democracy may still be bartered away in the course of any bargain that is made at Munich, and until we know the terms of any agreement reached we shall remain deeply anxious for the safety and independence of the Czech people. The best we can hope for at the moment is a check to Hitler's most extreme ambitions and a respite from war; the test of success at Munich will be whether or not the vast German mobilisation (which has been costing Hitler some £600,000 a day for the last seven weeks) will be ended and with it the mobilisation of the French army and the British navy. As long as vast armed forces remain ready for action, peace still hangs on a straw.

AUTARKIE FOR WAR?

THE Nazis have boasted more than once of late that, thanks to the rapid development of *autarkie* under the Four-Year Plan, an economic blockade of Germany is no longer possible. They have maintained this, despite the abnormally high level of German imports in relation to exports, and despite the evident shortage of supplies in Germany, even under conditions of peace. It has now become of the most urgent importance to reckon how far this boast is justified, and to make some estimate of the economic preparedness of Germany to face a war in which success is not won, by shock tactics, at the first onset.

It must be accepted, in the first place, that, for this year, the excellence of the German harvest has considerably strengthened the economic position of the Reich. It was estimated in August that the total cereal crop would be nearly two million metric tons in excess of the average of the past six years, and even more in excess of last year's poor harvest. Since then, the German estimates have been revised so as to show a still larger yield; and even allowing for some exaggeration it seems probable that Herr Hitler can face a war with well over a year's supply of cereal foodstuffs in hand—perhaps even enough to last out over eighteen months. This is a much more favourable position than has existed at any time since the Nazis came to power; and it is certain that the bumper harvest has played some part in increasing Hitler's intransigence.

But man does not live by bread alone—much less make war by bread alone. The attempts to increase arable production for food in Germany have played havoc with the production of fodder: so that the Nazis are more dependent than ever on imported fodder-stuffs for their supplies of meat and dairy produce. The shortage of fats involved in this concentration on grain-growing they have endeavoured to counteract by building up stocks of imported supplies. For example, I.G. Farbenindustrie, through a subsidiary company, has actively stimulated the cultivation of the soya bean in Rumania—practically the entire crop being taken by Germany, and paid for in blocked Rumanian currency. Germany has undoubtedly considerable stocks of imported fats. Meat, on the other hand, is short, and the country is without means of increasing its supply except at the cost of a diversion of land from the production of arable crops directly suitable for food.

Still, if war comes, the German people will not for some time starve. Shortage will be intensified; but, thanks to the abundant harvest, hunger will not reach the point of sheer famine for at any rate a year, even if the Germans do not succeed in so breaking through as to open up to their armies the resources of South-Eastern Europe, without the need for making any real payment in return.

The essential weakness of Germany to-day lies rather in raw materials than in foodstuffs, with the outstanding exception of the fodder shortage. For, in respect of essential raw materials, the German dependence remains, despite all the progress of *autarkie* in the production of *ersatz* materials. Oil is the outstanding problem. What stocks Germany now possesses we do not profess to know; but it is safe to say that the production of oil from coal can go only a small distance towards meeting her needs. In 1936 German petrol consumption amounted to about five million tons. It was substantially greater in 1937; and under war conditions it would be twice, if not three times, as much. To produce ten million tons of oil fuel from coal would require at least fifty million tons of coal; and Germany has not a fraction of this quantity to spare, even apart from the lack of the plant required for conversion on anything like this colossal scale. In fact, the attempt to reduce the cost of oil imports has so far mainly taken the form of substituting unrefined for refined imports; and this, important as it has been from the standpoint of improving the balance of payments, clearly contributes nothing to the increase of self-sufficiency under the conditions of war. Unless the Nazis can command the Rumanian oilfields, they cannot face a long war involving naval blockade without disaster. But they may have stocks enough for no shortage to become apparent for some time; and this is obviously calculated to influence their strategy by causing them to take big risks in the hope of speedy success.

Of iron, again, Germany is badly short. At least two-thirds of the supply of iron has to be imported; and the acquisition of the Austrian supplies, while it may be of importance in the long run, is of little immediate effect, because nearly the whole supply was going to Germany before the *Anschluss*. The new Hermann-Goering works are reported to be making rapid progress; but they are hardly in production yet, and cannot seriously reduce Germany's dependence for some time to come. The Nazis depend very greatly on the supply of Swedish iron; and though, presumably, this source cannot be cut off, the Swedes have been for some time past limiting supplies to the German market, and would presumably, at the worst, not increase them in the event of war. The Swedish source might even be stopped, by a prompt agreement by Great Britain to purchase the entire available output. As for the non-ferrous metals, the Germans here again depend on imports, but their heavy purchases over the past year or two suggest that they are holding quite large stocks in reserve.

The *Anschluss* has not materially altered Germany's economic position from a war standpoint. It has increased timber resources, and the sources of hydro-electric power; and it has meant that Austrian iron ore need no longer be paid for in foreign currency. It has reinforced Germany's labour power; but on the other hand it has increased the dependence on imported foodstuffs and materials for consumers' goods. As against this, it has opened up Hungary more effectively as a source of supply, and facilitated the striking of barter bargains with the countries of South-Eastern Europe. These bargains, however, depend on the continued availability of German exports; and this in turn depends on Germany's command of the requisite raw materials.

In this connection textile materials, as well as metals, are of importance. In 1932 Germany produced at home only about 6 per cent. of the materials used by her textile industries. By 1937 she produced over 20 per cent.; but nearly four-fifths of the supply had still to be imported, and even this limited advance towards *autarkie* had been secured only at the cost of a very serious fall in quality—very disabling to the competitive power of German textile exports in the world market. German output of artificial silk has doubled since 1932, and the output of staple fibre—the *ersatz* for wool—has been rising at a prodigious rate, from about 45,000 metric tons in 1936 to over 100,000 in 1937. But these two commodities accounted in 1937 for about three-quarters of the total output of textiles; and, though the German consumer can be forced to put up with what he is given, this does not apply to foreign consumers, who are asked to take German goods in exchange for necessary imports.

So far we have been considering the conditions of production in Germany as they have developed without actual war. It has, however, to be remembered that Germany is already short of labour, and that a large fraction of a country's manpower cannot be withdrawn from production without very serious reactions on output. In the last war, each country, having been organised up to the outbreak on a peace footing, was able to maintain output at a fairly high level by calling unused resources of man-power into play. But Germany has been for some time now organised on a war footing; and these reserves of productive resources have to a great extent already been called up. Actual war is bound to react very seriously on German agricultural production, and probably on the extractive industries as well.

The knowledge of this, of course, must increase the Nazis' determination to break through quickly to the East, in order to lay hands on additional stocks and sources of supply. It greatly affects their desire to secure promptly the German areas

in Czechoslovakia, complete with their industrial equipment; for this would not only leave the Czechs defenceless against a future attack, but also materially reduce German dependence in respect of a number of important minerals.

In sum, Germany, in view of this year's harvests, can from the food point of view stand possibly two years' war without starvation, even in face of a stringent naval blockade—though not, of course, without very serious hardship. But it is much more doubtful whether, without a speedy break-through to Rumania and the South-East and the appropriation of essential Czech sources of supply, she can stand more than a few months of actual fighting without running seriously short of military supplies—especially if steps can be taken to cut off the flow of Swedish iron. The Germans claim that between 1932 and 1937 they reduced their dependence on imported goods from 23 to 16 per cent. of total consumption of all kinds. But this achievement, substantial as it is, not only veils a deterioration in the quality of German output, but also leaves a dangerous dependence on imports both of oil and of materials essential for armament production. *Autarkie* is much more spurious in its achievements in the field of war preparation than it can be when it comes to a matter of waging actual war. But the German economic weaknesses are serious mainly in the event of a long war. They would not show themselves to any great extent at the outset, or if the event were determined in the first few months.

A LONDON DIARY

THE distribution of gas masks and the sight of trenches being dug in the park finally brought the imminence of war home to the British people this week. Beneath the superficial calm, which the British public seldom loses, lay a feeling of utter consternation and nausea. No people was ever more pacific, no people more completely aware of the futility and horror of war. If England does become involved in war, it will only be because the common people cannot see any alternative to resisting the threat of force at some point. We all know that war itself would solve nothing: the only problem has been, and is, how to avoid it. For myself, ever since the rise of Hitler, I have felt sure that Fascism unchecked must sooner or later mean war. I have lived with only one thought in front of me—how it was possible to defeat Fascism before the only method available was war itself. If it came to that I knew we should have failed because once war on this scale has broken out no one can foresee its direction or be sure of keeping in check the hysteria and hatred which it engenders. The failure to act while action was safe has brought us to a pass in which one has to face the risk of war in order to avoid it. That for every man who saw the last war has been an almost overwhelming strain. To-day one dares to hope for another respite and, therefore, another chance of avoiding final catastrophe.

* * *

One question which many people in the Labour Movement were asking themselves this week, when war seemed practically certain, was on what conditions the Opposition should give its support to a war administrative Government in the prosecution of the struggle. Speaking as one of the generation that has not forgotten the lessons of 1918, I believe that the Opposition must keep in mind from the beginning the hopes of a peace that will not bring another war, and if it is to have any remote hope of achieving a peace with the seeds of happiness in it, it must not again tie its hands in support of Ministers who do not share its social aspirations or understand its solidarity with the common people who are struggling in many countries of the world.

On what conditions, then, could an alert Opposition insist? Here are some of them:

1. The Opposition should not in any case surrender its independence of judgment or speech and must make its support of the Government's measures conditional on the war being fought for objects which it can endorse.

2. All propaganda undertaken at home during the war should be for the purpose of education. If we sought by hymns of hate to create a warlike temper, we should pay the price in a vindictive settlement and the loss of our own liberties.

3. It must be a special concern of the Opposition to maintain the substance of liberty and democracy in England in so far as they can be maintained in time of war.

4. If we neglected the dependent Empire we should delay or even prejudice victory. In particular India must be reconciled.

5. In no circumstances, even in retaliation, ought we to bomb German towns. To do so would unite the population against us, confirm its will to resist and delay the only type of victory which should interest us, the victory that would follow the realisation by the common people that they had been duped and misled by their Fascist rulers.

6. Genuine peace would only be in sight when the German people no longer consented blindly to obey the commands of their present rulers. This would not be achieved if they had reason to fear dismemberment and spoliation. We might encourage their awakening by having the right war aims and using every possible method to make them clear to the German and Italian people. We should discourage them by the wrong aims by indiscriminate retaliation and a ruthless policy. The first method of our warfare should be propaganda in Germany; the bombardment not of bombs, but of leaflets carrying with them assurances of friendship and hope to all those who are not wholly victims of Nazi propaganda.

7. Our central objective would be the creation of a new European order, based on impartial disarmament, economic co-operation and political liberty. But let us not repeat the mistake of those who supposed in 1919 that any League organisation could make up for crushing penalties and a map based on secret treaties.

8. The Spanish Republic ought on the first day of the war to enter our alliance.

No courage, no sacrifice, however devoted, could avail for anything but mere destruction of civilisation in 1939, unless we entered the war with friendship to all peoples who struggle for freedom and with a clear perception of our international purpose. These will be the objects which sane men would pursue even in war time, but I know well that sanity is the first of war's casualties.

* * *

Though the Prime Minister's speech to the nation on Tuesday night was broadcast in a German translation, there is even yet no official effort to break down the walls of censorship that separate us from the mass of peace-loving and frightened people in Germany. It is appalling to know that even now they have no notion that war would involve any other countries than Germany and Czechoslovakia and nothing of Mr. Roosevelt's appeals. We all want to tell them that there is in Britain no tinge of hatred for Germany, that no war is possible except as a result of Hitler's aggression. But if there is war, it will be due only to the fantastic intransigence of the Führer, who has been long offered far more than he originally demanded. There is abundant evidence that people in Germany try to listen in to foreign stations and that something gets through, in spite of Dr. Goebbels' ingenuity in jamming foreign stations. I was delighted to see that the National Council of Labour has at last issued a useful statement to the German workers. The first object in peace or war should be to disillusion the German people with their Nazi rulers.

* * *

Like most people I have spent a large part of the evenings during the last week listening in. The English news service—in contrast to the evening papers being sold outside—has been accurate, clear and objective. Only one private voice has been allowed to speak on current events—that of Mr. Harold Nicolson. His talks at 10.5 p.m. on Mondays, though rigidly censored, have been admirable; many people must have been grateful for their detachment and liberality. For actual news I found that the 11.50 bulletin tended to repeat word for word

what had already been heard at 9.40; yet one held on with the possibility of further news. During the awkward gap of two hours, I experimented with foreign stations. One seemed infinitely calmer than the rest; and this turned out to be Prague. Every night at 10.45 on the medium wave length 470, the Prague radio has broadcast its news in English; it might have been a reasoned statement before the League at Geneva; no better reply to the hysterical abuse of the Nazis could be imagined. So far as reception goes the Prague station is one of the loudest and clearest in Europe, and almost any wireless set in London can pick it up. I had difficulty only on one occasion; the night of Hitler's Sportpalast address. Then it was jammed. I can quite understand that he was particularly anxious to jam Prague on this occasion. It would not have done, that night, for English people to hear a calm Czech voice after the animal howls from Berlin.

* * *

On Tuesday poor people were all talking about the evacuation of their children and wondering where they would go in the event of an air-raid. The rich began a great trek to the country. At one shop I heard of a woman who bought an immense store of tinned goods and then asked if she could return them if there was no war. Some well-to-do districts were full of empty houses, and I heard of one comfortable householder who explained to the gardener and his wife that they were going to the country for the war and would expect their servants to remain as caretakers. In Kensington the rush of cars was so great that the petrol supplies were low, and a friend of mine was offered a two-gallon tin of petrol for £3. One woman was deeply moved by being told—I can scarcely believe it was official—that in the event of war all dogs were to be destroyed. Horrified by the thought of a plain van collecting pets for destruction, she rushed off with the dog she loved and had it destroyed by a vet.

* * *

This is the season for international conferences. Passing through Paris a few days ago a friend of mine saw an announcement of a conference (biological and medical):

OCT. 1ST. THE CAUSES OF DEATH.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Rastus.

The head of the Speaker's Department of the Conservative Central Office, who conducted his 500th class a few months ago, will, it is stated, shortly commence a new series.

The idea that Conservative Members of Parliament should be able to speak their own minds is steadily gaining ground.—*Evening News.*

Until it can be determined whether the present European tension will spell only a civil war or a general war, no action seems warranted by investors. If a general war breaks out we believe a buying opportunity might be presented. But the timing of purchases would be very important.—*Financial Times.*

Why is it that all women look best from the back? If women realised this, would they spend so much time trying to make their faces attractive?—Letter in *Daily Herald.*

For people of spirit there should be some satisfaction in the thought that present international events are not only of great import now, but will figure prominently in future history books.—*Daily Sketch.*

Our tea and tobacco civilisation is threatened with collapse!

Tea, like tobacco, was brought to England from the heathen; why continue with those pagan practices? Have we become such slaves to heathen rites that the New Testament means nothing to us?

If we cut out both those vices the war-drums would sound like toys.—Letter in the *Bulletin.*

Every time a woman buys a new hat and a man falls in love with her in that hat, she is striking a blow for peace, security, contentment. —Mr. Godfrey Winn in *Sunday Express.*

THE SLAVS AND PANGERMANISM

AT a moment when the peace of the whole world may suddenly be smashed by a quarrel between Germany and one of her Danubian neighbours it is of the utmost importance to weigh up all the factors which may determine the attitude, not only of the peoples involved, but also of the other neighbouring countries. The German-Czech crisis is viewed by democratic Britain as essentially a struggle between Fascism and Democracy, or between a hungry capitalist imperialism and small nations who wish to remain independent. Both these formulae contain a very large proportion of the truth; but by ignoring any deeper historical background they leave out what is, I believe, one extremely significant, though not dominant, factor—the revival in a new form of the age-old rivalry of Teutons and Slavs. Nobody who has studied the Nazi movement at all closely can fail to have been impressed by the swelling force of Pangerman feeling in its development. It is not for nothing that its leader was born an Austrian, whose ideas were formed in pre-war Vienna. To that Vienna, as never to Berlin, the great foreign danger was Panslavism, the movement sponsored by Russia for the unity of all the Slavs of Eastern and Balkan Europe, including those owing allegiance to the Habsburgs, under her hegemony. And there have been unmistakable signs that the new Pangermanism, threatening all the neighbours of Greater Germany who contain German minorities, has been evoking in answer a new, not Panslavism, because the word implies an aggressive movement, but feeling of brotherhood and unity in danger among all the Slav peoples. And if Germany fights Czechoslovakia it is likely that this will be a powerful influence deciding the way Jugoslavia, for instance, will react; if she remains neutral it will be a force which her rulers will continually have to restrain, and which may in the end tip the balance in Czechoslovakia's favour.

The Panslav idea has not been one that has figured largely in the calculations of statesmen since 1918. For one thing, the war, by bringing about the liberation of the Habsburg Slavs and uniting them in Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia, satisfied a great part of the Slav aspirations. At the same time the Russian Empire, the former leader of the movement, disappeared, and in its place emerged a non-national state that developed as a federation where Georgians, Armenians, and others took their seats beside Russian Slavs in the ruling councils. Moscow's challenge to the rest of the world was based on class, not nationality. This seemed finally to dispose of the Panslav bogy, though the episode of the *Fédération Balkanique* looked for a moment like reviving it, and the attempt to create a "Green International" of the peasant parties of the Slav countries, might, if it had succeeded, soon have taken on a Panslav colour—at any rate in the eyes of the Slavs' old enemies. But when the shadow of Hitler fell across Europe, century-old fears, century-old allegiances in countries that had remained at a more primitive level than Western Europe, began to stir again. Nobody who has travelled with his eyes open in these years between the Danube and the Dniester can have failed to notice this process at work.

I happened last autumn to be visiting a sector of the Jugoslav Danube where some interesting works had been constructed. I was entertained to an informal lunch by the engineer in charge. There were, in addition, two high Jugoslav army officers present, and a couple of other officials connected with the Danube administration. After lunch, with tongues loosened by the excellent Dalmatian wine, my hosts began discussing politics with considerable freedom. At that time it seemed possible that the Austrians might continue to hold the fort indefinitely; the Czech crisis was still latent; but the conversation inevitably turned on Nazi Germany's expansionist policy. I was not surprised by the tone of deep sympathy in which they talked of Czechoslovakia's problems, because after all that country was Jugoslavia's ally and remained so in spite of leanings on the part of the Belgrade Government towards Powers outside the French system. What interested

me about the opinions expressed was, first of all, the unanimity with which the hope for an eventual union of the Bulgarians with the three Slav peoples of Jugoslavia in a great South Slav State—the old pre-war Illyrian dream—was voiced; and, second, the friendliness of the attitude towards the Russians. My hosts were certainly not Communists; there was nothing political in their sympathy that I could detect; but their respect for Russian achievements in industry and, in particular, the creation of the Red Army, was genuine and unmistakable. It appeared to me as the instinctive admiration for a brother people, cutting across ideological differences and the fiercely anti-Soviet attitude of official Jugoslavia. This was the first time I had heard South Slavs talk this way, but I was to hear much more in ensuing months.

The fact that the Russians had an alliance with the Czechs was, of course, for a very large proportion of Jugoslavs, who have clearly demonstrated their preference for the Czech-French alignment on numerous occasions right up to the last few days, an obvious reason for sympathy towards the Russians. The alliance itself owes nothing, in its origin, to Slav solidarity, but is based on perfectly material considerations of security on the part of both States. Nevertheless, once it was there, in just the same way as common democratic ties are emphasised in the perfectly material Franco-British entente, so common Slav origins and cultural background began to be increasingly remembered, increasingly fêted, and the Red Army became simply the army of the mighty Russian brothers for any number of people who held far from Communist views. As the Central European situation entered its acute phase early this year, this feeling for the Russians seemed to me to deepen in Prague, and to be growing in more outlying parts of the Republic, to judge by many conversations I had in Slovakia.

In Slovenia this summer all I heard and experienced only served to confirm the impressions of the year before. Bled, on the eve of the still-born agreement with Hungary, was filled with politicians, journalists, and a host of other people both well and badly informed, who spent their afternoons in eager discussion against the absurdly pretty, pantomime background of the lake. But behind the lake rose the mountains, and directly behind the mountains—this year—stood the colossus of greater Germany. The whole atmosphere was conditioned by this fact, but if there were pessimistic views expressed, there were certainly as many confident, even extravagant boasts of eventual and inevitable triumph. And again ideas of Slav unity in the face of renewed German threats were to the fore, this time more dominantly. Again I heard it declared that one day the Bulgarians must join them in one great State, that it would have happened long ago if the voices of the peoples themselves had been the deciding factor; I was reminded that in the crisis of May a movement rapidly developed in Bulgaria to support the Czechs; again I heard—and not from revolutionaries—praise of Russia, her staunch faith towards her allies, the immensely powerful aid they were convinced she would bring when the hour came. The people of Slovenia, the old Krain province, lying on the direct path of Germany towards the Adriatic, had reason to be on their guard against Pangermanism, and had not forgotten the steady Germanisation to which they had been subjected before the war. I attended a Sokol gathering not far from Ljubljiana which was held in the little town of Kočevje (Gottschee) the centre of an "island" of German colonisation. Predominantly the inhabitants of Kočevje and the surrounding district are German, but there were enough Slovenes to make a good showing on the new Sokol ground. In Sudeten Bohemia such a celebration would long ago have been treated by the Germans as a direct Slav provocation. Things had not yet gone so far in Jugoslavia. . . . Tempers were good on both sides, but the hint of warning to the Germans was unmistakable. And the hint of solidarity for Slav brothers in danger, too; the Czechoslovak flag was prominently displayed. There was even a muffled reference to obstruction from certain official quarters in Belgrade in the way of such celebrations, to the need for the people to remain true to the Sokol idea in spite of difficulties which were to be found at home as well as abroad. The Sokol movement, centre of the nineteenth-century revival of Slav national feeling, has acquired, I think, new significance for all these peoples at the moment. The Slet in Prague this June was undoubtedly a tremendous demonstration, not merely of Czech prowess and culture, but of inter-Slav sympathy. Those who have maintained that the Slovaks are irreconcilably opposed to state-partnership with the Czechs have had to shut their eyes to such occasions. As the threat to Czechoslovakia has increased, the declarations of the Slovak Autonomists, who, judged by the votes cast in the recent elections, do not represent even half the Slovaks, and who are known in any case to have a moderate wing absolutely loyal to the State in its present frontiers, have been more and more clearly pro-Czech. All the propaganda carried on by certain neighbouring countries does not seem to have persuaded them that the millennium will dawn once they find themselves in other frontiers, once they abandon the Czechs, who came to their rescue in 1918. This propaganda culminated a few days ago in the suggestion by Poland, whose blandishments have not been without their effect in recent years on the more disgruntled Slovaks, that they would be well advised to opt for a "federal autonomous" union with Hungary—the historic oppressor. The Poles are a special case among the Slav peoples; they have never had much to do with the Panslav movement, their destinies have been more closely allied with those of the Magyars. Nevertheless there can be little doubt that the Poles also fear the new Pangermanism, and that the sympathies of a very large section of the people—manifested in many demonstrations of peasants, workers, and intellectuals during the past year—in spite of Colonel Beck and his clique, and the immediate agitation worked up over Teschen, are with the Czechs, and may be extremely difficult to control.

A few miles west of Bratislava stands the famous rock of Devin. There the March flows into the Danube, marking the frontier of what was once the small and friendly State of Austria, now of 75 million Germans under Nazi control. If you make your way up this rock and see the ruins on its peak, once, hundreds of years ago, a fortress of the Great Moravian Empire against the Teuton and Magyar world, the immense perspective into the past of the German-Slav struggle opens with sudden vividness before you. I found it easy there to understand how important this aspect of the present crisis may any day become, and easy to believe those Czech and Slovak friends who prophesied that it might well need the next thing to a miracle to keep the Slavs in other countries passive if the frontier before me were to become the scene of fighting between Czechoslovakia and Germany.

JOHN LEHMANN

"PARALLEL" POLICY IN THE PACIFIC

AN AMERICAN VIEW

IN phase after phase of world politics America and Great Britain have sidled toward each other as if about to team up in a "parallel" policy. This has appeared especially natural and desirable in the Pacific, where no formal alliance is needed and where America and Great Britain could, simply by doing the same kind of thing at the same time, restrain Japan, give China the chance to take up, without violent transition, the responsibilities of a fully independent nation, and thus establish the confidence and free play of economic enterprise that would revive an important part of world trade and ease the tension of world politics.

Yet time after time, when the "parallel" has been almost established, it has diverged again, disastrously. This was conspicuous in 1931-32, when the Japanese invaded Manchuria, the Lytton Commission investigated the circumstances, and the League of Nations dodged the issue—chiefly because

Great Britain would not move when the United States gave a lead, and the United States hung back when Great Britain was ready to act. Does this mean simply that the difficulty is one of timing? That America and Great Britain could easily do the same kind of thing, if they could only agree when to do it? I think that there are deeper issues, though these are also conditioned by a time-factor, which has to do with the phase of development, rather than the moment of action.

Great Britain's empire is no longer expanding, either politically or economically. Therefore the rule of thumb, for British imperial statesmen, is to disregard new opportunities and evade new commitments, and to conserve instead the old advantages and fields of action delimited in the nineteenth century and fought for, at appalling expense, from 1914 to 1918. In fact it was the expense of the Great War which demonstrated that defence of the Empire now costs Great Britain more than it can expect to get back out of new profits. Since it is the people who live on the old, established sources of profit who rule Great Britain, British policy throughout the world has been reduced to ignoble practices of hedging—of trying to get back on the roundabouts at least some of what is being lost on the swings. The Chamberlain kind of policy is an admission that the bankers and industrialists whom Chamberlain chiefly represents no longer even hope to get back on the roundabouts *more* than they lose on the swings.

British conservatism thus no longer stands for caution, but for timidity. It is not merely on the defensive, but resigned to retreat, with a waning hope that the retreat will be slow. But the retreat can only be kept manageable if the rest of the world will kindly stand still.

In China, for instance, the British clearly stand to lose by a complete Japanese conquest. But those who direct British policy are obsessed by the idea that they would also lose by a clear Chinese victory. It is indisputable that China, victorious, would have to engage in enterprises of progress and construction that would feed every kind of international trade. This is not just what the dominant British interests in the Far East want, however. They fear that a general expansion of this kind would favour the countries that are ready for new enterprise, to the disadvantage of the British interest in nursing old sources of income and ways of doing business. Political considerations reinforce this attitude. A China no longer half-free but fully independent would be a disturbing example to India. The most fruitful paradox in China to-day is that the nation can only make its army effective by making it non-militaristic. This means getting rid of the war lords and enabling the soldiers to fight for peace instead of for war. By the time China has vindicated its independence, it will be free also of civil-war militarism. The inference, for India, would be that Moslems and Hindus cannot shake off either their Native Princes or the British Raj unless they shake them off at the same time. Such an inference might have a horrible effect on the present British policy of inducing the Native Princes to take a more and more active part in maintaining British rule.

Therefore, in Asia as in Europe, the British policy is to check the aggressors, if possible, but not to defeat them. If it comes to an unavoidable choice between giving freedom to backward, subject, colonial and semi-colonial peoples, or giving up part of Britain's power, privilege and revenue to the aggressors, then the point chosen for retreat will be in favour of Fascism and not in favour of freedom. Imperial Britain, like Imperial Rome, will hire and subsidise the barbarians rather than fight them.

American policy also dislikes the idea of a triumphant Japan. Ever since Theodore Roosevelt's picturesque description of a past Mediterranean age of history, followed by an Atlantic age and now giving way to a Pacific age, American policy has counted on a great American future in the development of China. America, accordingly, is much less apprehensive than Great Britain of the internal changes that are taking place in China. The United States has a smaller vested interest in preserving a semi-colonial China—and it has no India to be insulated from "dangerous thoughts." Its trade would profit by a rising standard of living in China.

Here is where the "parallels" diverge. There are still Americans who believe that the innocent British, under Chamberlain, are just trying to "muddle through." The belief is growing, however, that the Chamberlain policy is not hard-headed "realism," but a sophisticated and deliberate defeatism. When the British flinch away from a "parallel" British-American policy, it is because they fear that the British vested interest in a world order of imperial nations and subject peoples will be sacrificed to the American interest in a future world order of free peoples. When America wavers, it is because the "parallel" would mean immediate defence of British vested interests without equivalent advantage to America's future interests.

Of course one should not, properly, speak of a single Britain or a single America. There are American Tories who are quite prepared to bask in the moonshine of the Rising Sun, financing Japanese conquest instead of taking the ordinary commercial risk of investing in a free China. Only a minority of America's Tories, however, are as interested as those of Great Britain in conserving past gains abroad. A great many of them are still interested in the future and ready to venture into new markets.

This question of the perpetually appearing and disappearing "parallel" policy will become more acute as peace-talk recurs. Who will be most eager to talk peace? Who will be most ready to act as broker? Peace talk in Japan will correspond to the realisation that the war on China is costing more than it can ever bring in. Some groups in Japan will realise this earlier and more uncomfortably than others. They will be resisted by those who are making money and careers out of the war, and this will so confuse the real issues that peace talk cannot lead to much unless it is taken up and repeated outside of Japan.

Peace talk in China will come from those who fear that a national victory demands too much sacrifice of their personal interests. Here again it is not a question of "China" but of different groups of Chinese—some of the entrenched bureaucrats, who feel that a free China will want different administrators; some of the landlords, whose fear of an enfranchised peasantry is greater than their desire for a sound agricultural system. Both groups are weakened, however, by the loss of their most powerful allies—the Chinese industrialists and bankers, whose capital was at Shanghai. Some of them might have been willing to lose their country and save their investments; but Japan itself destroyed those investments, with the result that this class of Chinese now has more to win than to lose by keeping up resistance. Japan has also weakened even the most reactionary landlords and old-style militarists, by demonstrating an implacable determination to let no "superior" class of Chinese survive under Japanese rule.

At the same time, the Chinese are winning their greatest military successes in areas from which the regular armies have withdrawn. For this reason the Central Government cannot confess defeat while the local governments of the "lost" areas are winning victories, gaining territory and solidifying popular support. Peace talk will be regarded as treachery by the widening and deepening public opinion of China, because increasing grants of popular liberties have given the people something to defend. In this way a totally new situation has been created. The rapidly changing China of to-day simply could not accept the peace terms that the rulers of an unchanged China might have been forced to accept a year ago.

This is also the test for the peace brokers. Because it is committed to the view that people like the Chinese "ought to be kept in their places," Great Britain under Chamberlain is more likely than America under Roosevelt to urge peace terms that would return both China and Japan to approximately the positions that they held when the war began. This would leave the cause of the war untouched; it would in fact be tantamount to pretending that the war had never taken place, and would be a repetition of British attempts to secure an

armistice in Spain. If this fails, as in Spain, then Britain will slowly and reluctantly go over to the aggressors, because the Tory principle is to share privilege and power with the aggressors, if forced to do so, but on no account to admit that it is "realistic" to liberate subject and semi-subject peoples.

America—though some of its professional bureaucrats, some of its great financial and trading interests, and some of its politicians, have the same ideas about "realism" as the British Tories—has more to gain from the markets of a free China. Therefore, while America may do nothing to curb British efforts to bring about a peace that lets the aggressors get away with something, it will not "co-operate" to defend British vested interests without guarantee of America's future interest.

Accordingly, what we are most likely to see in Great Britain and America is a different kind of "parallel" altogether: an internal cleavage, very acute in Great Britain and similar but less acute in America, between those who are willing to pay blackmail to national Fascism and international aggression, and those who are not. In the meantime it is the Chinese—and the Spaniards—who are defending with their lives not only their freedom but ours, and giving the people of Great Britain and America time in which to press more and more insistently for democratic action by their elected Governments.

OWEN LATTIMORE

THE DESCENT OF MAN

["An emergency trench . . . can be rapidly made in a garden. The depth suggested is 4ft. 6in. The roof should slope slightly so that rain-water may drain off and should be covered with two or three inches of earth to hold it down."—*Times*, Sept. 26th.]

For this, man's handiwork was wrought,
For this he heavenward aspired,
For this his philosophic thought
Of universal truth inquired,
And all his science comes to this
Derogatory Nemesis.

The long achievement of the mind,
The Law's majestic edifice,
Arts for man's benefit designed,
All time's inventions come to this—
That people with immortal souls
Must crawl like beetles into holes.

Emancipated from the ape
So long to wear creation's crown,
A little surface soil we scrape
And living in the earth lie down,
Abandoning the godlike view
To squirm below as vermin do.

With drains and ditches for our tomb
We scurry underground to hide,
And there await the insect's doom,
In torrents of insecticide.
As man's exterminating bomb
Rounds off his epic martyrdom.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

LABOUR AND WAR

SIR,—There is one thing that the ordinary man in every country must be thinking now. Whether he considers war inevitable or not, whether he thinks it just or not, he must be thinking that it is tragic and humiliating that humanity should have to go through this again. Probably the majority of men in this country would be willing to face all that war means, and to face it not as dumb victims but as men, if they had some guarantee that out of this war there will not come one more vindictive peace, one more set of hard-faced business men in control, one more preparatory period of nationalist animosity and one more world war for their children to face.

One power alone in this country can make sure that this is not so—the Labour Movement. The Labour Movement has been abundantly right in its stand for Czechoslovakia, but it would be tragic now if it succumbed to the cry of unity of spirit with a Government that has betrayed democracy and the organisation of peace from its inception in 1931 until now. In spite of all the talk that there will be that the first task is to win the war, Labour must insist that only by work now can we accomplish the even more important task of winning the next peace. Let it bend all its energies, with whatever temporary allies, to saving the Czechs. But let it never cease to insist that winning the war will depend above all on encouraging and helping with arms all the anti-Fascist forces of the Fascist countries. The only Government that can replace Hitler in Germany will be a Government of the Left. The Labour Movement must position itself now so that it can insist when the time comes that that Government be assisted by Britain, and not hindered by the animosity of the propertied classes in this country. It must prepare the country for making an honourable peace with such a Government, since the Nazi dictatorship and not the German people is our enemy. It must above all be clear in its own mind that any co-operation with the present Government of this country is co-operation for defeating Hitler only, and it must during the very course of war, if war comes, prepare this country for participation in the free and classless Europe which alone can make an enduring peace. With such a Europe our present rulers can have no lot; by their actions in the past three years they have outlawed themselves from it in advance. Whatever dropping of political opposition there may be "for the duration," that fact Labour must never allow itself to forget, or the world will lose the next peace as it lost the last.

Cambridge. LIONEL ELVIN

SIR,—In a few days we may be at war. Those of us who saw the last war as a struggle of imperialisms, who opposed a vindictive peace, who since Versailles have worked both for a just international settlement and for a firm stand against aggression while it could still be made peaceably, will face a new call to arms with misgivings and with no enthusiasm. If we respond to that call we shall do so because we see it as the only alternative to a Fascist Europe.

We shall not do so without conditions. There is a danger that the Labour and Liberal Parties, in their desire that Britain should at last make a stand, will give the present Government something of a blank cheque. In that case they may find themselves fighting a vindictive war in defence of the British Empire under a Government which becomes progressively more tyrannous on the plea of national necessity.

The conditions upon which the Labour and Liberal Parties agree to support whatever Government is entrusted with the conduct of affairs should surely be these:

(1) The *immediate* drawing up of plans for a lasting peace including a frank admission of the guilt of several sections of the Versailles Treaty and of the spirit in which the attempt was subsequently made to enforce them; proposals for the abolition of imperial systems of the old type, through the advance towards independence of the colonial peoples; the just settlement of European minority problems; a non-exclusive League of Nations; and drastic disarmament by the destruction of war material under international supervision.

(2) The immediate placing of these proposals before the German people, together with a true statement of the facts of the past few months. There is just a chance that if this could be got across to the German people *now*, they would refuse to fight. The chance is remote, since it takes time for news from outside, however persistently broadcast, to filter through the Nazi control of the radio. It is a desperate last opportunity We should take it, *now*.

(3) If war begins, the same appeal and offer to the German and Italian peoples must be made incessantly, at whatever cost of high-power radio equipment and technical ingenuity. They must be told that if they overthrow the rulers who have led them into war there will be an immediate armistice on the terms set out above.

(4) *Whatever the provocation*, we must not bomb civilian populations. Our hope of a quick and lasting peace depends on the avoidance of the implacable hatred that would result from

such measures. Let us use our bombers for distributing leaflets appealing for goodwill, calling for an overthrow of Fascism, and setting out our peace terms.

(5) Finally, let us fight back the tide of hatred that will rise among our own people, and teach a generation growing up under the shadow of war by what mistakes of ours and others that disaster became possible.

Hitlerism may be restrained now from this or that aggression by the action of other nations. But it will never be abolished save by the action of the German people themselves. It is therefore to the German people that those of other countries must appeal. The work of creating a lasting peace must be begun *now*, and if war should come there must be no doubt as to the conditions upon which the Liberal and Labour Parties would support a Government. If these conditions are not granted, the Parties of the Left must not be deterred by the cry of national emergency from enforcing a General Election.

The University, Liverpool.

LEONARD BARNES RICHARD PALMER
W. LYON BLEASE PERCY M. ROXBY
W. G. HOLFORD T. S. SIMEY

SIR,—The letter on "Imperialism" in your issue of September 24th needs, I think, a comment. I remember sitting (probably in 1916) with a mutual Cambridge friend in court, when Lancelot Hogben's case as a conscientious objector came before the Tribunal. I not only admired but shared his pacifism. I still admire it, but I cannot any longer share it. I lived in Germany under a system of cold cruelty that I personally felt to be more dehumanising even than war. There is brutality to prisoners and there is shooting of prisoners in all wars, but there are multitudinous acts of kindness of which I had abundant evidence. On the other hand, an opponent of the Nazis can expect *only* cruelty, and that of a hideously persistent kind. Individual S.S. men and guards are kind-hearted, but their only way to avoid being beasts is to escape from Germany. One I knew intimately did this, but it was at the imminent risk of his life. The intimate knowledge I gained of Nazi rule convinced me that if (for example) I were a Dutchman or a Dane, I would rather be faced with war than with that cold, relentless cruelty.

I share entirely Prof. Hogben's hatred of Imperialism and his contempt for its shams. The British "Empire" has, however, one saving grace—it has long (as an Empire) been breaking up. Hitler's Empire, on the other hand, grows rapidly, and with it grows the area of the suppression of thought—not merely of the "freedom" of thought. Certainly let those who wish belong to the Third Reich, but of those forced to be yes-men I should (judging from my own circle of acquaintance) say that millions in their hearts say no. It is a danger to the future of Europe to add to the number of these silenced consciences. The fact that (for the sake of others) I dare not sign my name indicates the range of Hitler's power.

Even our statesmen have acted as though Hitler could be placated by concessions and reason. Those of us who know at first hand what Nazism is, look at them amazed, as if we saw children in control of affairs. The fanatical ambitions that Hitler has again and again expressed have nothing to do with need or reason. British militarism and British capitalism have their terrible faults, God knows, but there are deeper depths too, depths—to quote Milton's Satan—"to which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven." X.

SIR,—The Labour Movement is now facing the most serious crisis in its history, more serious even than 1914. In 1914 all but a small section went astray. There is the gravest danger that the tragedy is going to be repeated.

Up to a certain point the entire Movement is in agreement. It agrees that the National Government and British capitalism, having nothing to gain and the probability of much to lose in a war which may result in the disruption of the British Empire and the spread of Communism over wide areas of Europe and Asia, is determined to avoid a war at almost any cost. It agrees that if finally the National Government is driven to fight it will do so not for the sake of "gallant little Czechoslovakia" but in order to check a rival imperialism before that rival becomes too forbidding a menace. It agrees that Hitler is using the Sudeten question only as a counter in a far vaster plan, that the present crisis has very little to do with the self-determination of minorities.

Therefore, it is urged in many quarters to stop Hitler now, before the Reich can become any stronger, before further sources of raw material are placed at its disposal, before thousands more German Socialists and Jews are brought under the Nazi terror, before another democratic ally has been destroyed, and before decency, justice and the Rule of Law are again flouted. It is a compelling argument, but those who advocate it overlook factors of vital importance.

A war (and such a policy would now almost certainly mean war, though even a fortnight ago it might still have meant at least a temporary peace and the halting of Hitler) fought with the National Government still in office would mean that:

(i) It would provoke colonial revolution within the Empire. The National Government would endeavour to smash that revolution just as the Coalition Government smashed the Easter Rebellion of 1916. The men who volunteered in order to fight Fascism would very possibly find themselves drafted to a different front to fight colonial revolution.

(ii) The nature of modern war is such as would open the way to the establishment of virtually a Fascist dictatorship in this country.

(iii) Another capitalist war would solve nothing. One capitalist war-to-end-war produced the Versailles Treaty, the cause of the present crisis. Another capitalist war-to-end-war could only produce another Versailles, and sow the seed of yet further wars.

The duty of the Labour Movement is clear. It should refuse to compromise the Socialist cause by any form of alliance with capitalism. It should strain every nerve to bring down the Chamberlain Government at once. It should plainly and unequivocally disassociate itself from the injustices of the Versailles settlement and declare its readiness to rectify any racial, territorial or economic grievances put forward by any democratic government. It should direct a barrage of propaganda upon the German people to convince them of the honesty of its purpose and should assist in every way the growing force of Socialist revolution in Germany.

But, it will be argued, such a programme, is impracticable because Hitler will not wait until Socialist Britain has arranged for his overthrow. The situation we have to face is the immediate dismemberment of Czechoslovakia.

That is avoiding the vital issue. The desperate urgency of the situation is such that a Labour Government might at once find itself faced with the necessity of war. But if it is much too late to hope that the race between German social revolution and world war could end as we would wish, the rest of the above programme becomes all the more necessary. Hitler would find it increasingly difficult to carry the majority of the German people with him in a holy war against a Socialist alliance, and we would fight in the knowledge that we had a rapidly growing ally within Germany itself. OWEN SAMSON

SIR,—War seems likely any day now; if we are going to do anything there is no time to be lost.

I urge most strongly that all those who find themselves unable to support this imminent war should unite their forces. In the current issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Professor Hogben presents a Socialist case for opposing any war that Chamberlain might wage against Hitler. On the same page Mr. Owen Barfield explains that the present situation makes pacifists even out of those Christians who have previously been ready to use the bayonet and the bomb. Manifestly many people are against war on the Czechoslovakian issue who are not members of the P.P.U.; the I.L.P.—to give a further instance—will be a party of conscientious objectors as it was in 1914.

When I demand "unity" I invoke no mere abstraction. Joint agitations and demonstrations can be held. The Government will pretend that the whole nation has resolved upon war. The Government must be disillusioned, for "the whole nation" has not resolved upon anything; but our task will be desperately difficult, for, once war has broken out, the State will have unlimited power. That is why it is important that what strength we opponents of this particular war actually possess should not be dissipated.

I appeal to the leaders of the I.L.P. and the P.P.U. to bring into effective unity all those whose main aims in the near future will be (1) to prevent a declaration of war and, if and when war is declared, (2) to hasten the cessation of hostilities or, short of that, to confine the area of fighting as much as may be and to relieve the suffering of the victims of the appalling blunder of war.

E. RUSSELL BENTLEY

"SELF-DETERMINATION" IN EUROPE

SIR,—As a Basque Executive Member of Galeuzca (The League of Galician, Basque and Catalonian Nationalities), may

I ask your readers to consider the reactions of the Basques, when they see the Great Powers—even including Germany and Italy, for reasons of their own—so deeply concerned over the rights of self-determination of the Sudeten Germans and other Central European minorities. This is not intended as a deterrent to any national group achieving legitimate aims, since it is the basis of Basque political belief that a people, however small they may be, have a natural right to determine their own destiny.

But this sudden change in the policy of Germany and Italy requires much digestion. The maintenance of national freedom —or rather, the preservation of their hard-won autonomy—was one of the chief aims of the Basques when they took sides in the Spanish struggle. Need it be re-emphasised that they were battered to defeat largely by the "volunteer" aeroplanes, guns and man-power of these two countries which have now become the chief exponents of self-determination?

The Basque case is as strong, if not stronger, than that of the Sudeten Germans. As far back as November 11th, 1933, a plebiscite was held in Euzkadi, and exactly 84 per cent. of the total electorate voted for "Home Rule." The result showed that 459,255 voters were in favour of autonomy, and 14,196 were against. On December 31st, 1933, the Statute of Basque Autonomy was submitted to the Cortes, and it was later incorporated in the Statutes of the Spanish Republic. Thus, the Spanish rebellion, organised and controlled by Germany and Italy, has not merely taken away from the Basques their opportunity of asking for self-determination, *but has actually robbed them of self-determination.*

Since the Basques were defeated, the treatment meted out to them has been far beyond that experienced by the Sudetens. The Sudetens were allowed to speak their own language. To speak the Basque language in Euzkadi to-day, even for devotional purposes, entails heavy fines or imprisonment, while thousands of Basques have been executed simply because they were loyal to their country and maintained their right to enjoy the autonomy which had been constitutionally recognised.

If it is right and just that any one national group should have their demands met—and we Basques would be the last to deny the rights of any people to determine their own destiny—then surely it must be equally right and just that other minorities and national groups in other parts of Europe should be treated similarly. There is only one justice, and if a principle is approved for one people, it is surely not beyond the duty of the Great Powers, who are using their strength to enforce this principle on behalf of one people, to use their strength on behalf of others.

The world is now suffering the effects of one discontented minority. There are a number of national groups in Spain—the Catalans and the Galicians, as well as the Basques, being the most vocal, and representing 10,000,000 out of a total population of 23,000,000 in Spain. If General Franco is allowed to defeat the legal Spanish Government, and drive these peoples into deep subjection, there will be created yet another centre of dissatisfaction to disturb the future peace of Europe. But in this letter I only ask the British public to consider our case in the light of common justice.

GABRIEL DE URIARTE,
Executive Member of Galeuzca
(The League of Galician, Basque and Catalonian Nationalities.)

115 Ebury Street,
S.W.1.

THE WAKAMBA

SIR,—Agreement has now been reached in the dispute about the seizure of the Wakamba people's cattle, and your readers who took an interest in it will no doubt be glad to hear the end of the story.

The 5,000 Wakamba who went to Nairobi to protest to the Governor against the forced sale of their cattle remained in the town, in an orderly sit-down strike, for three weeks. At the end of that time, though the Governor still refused them an audience in Nairobi, he yielded so far as to agree to visit them immediately in the Reserve, if they would go home. The visit was duly paid at Machakos on August 25th. He was welcomed by a mass demonstration of more than 10,000 Wakamba, representing every section of the people, who presented him with a memorandum of their grievances together with their own suggestions for dealing with the problem of overstocking. In his reply the Governor promised them that there would be no more forced sales, that their cattle might in future be sold in the regular way in open market, where Messrs. Liebigs were free to compete for them with other buyers, and that the 2,500 cattle which had been impounded by Government officials would be returned to their owners.

On behalf of the Kikuyu Central Association and the Wakamba people I must thank you for showing a readiness, in keeping with your traditions of fair play, to give publicity to the facts of the matter from the start. It is unquestionable that the attention they have received in the press has helped the Wakamba in checking the Government high-handedness and winning a success which by their spirited and well-judged action they fully deserved.

JOMO KENYATTA,
(General Secretary,
Kikuyu Central Association)

15 Cranleigh Houses,
Cranleigh Street, N.W.1.

ECONOMICS OF FASCISM

SIR,—I should like to comment on Mr. C. W. Guillebaud's rejoinder to Strachey's article on the "Economics of Fascism."

Surely the mistake which Mr. Guillebaud makes is in confusing the terms "productive" and "profitable." He quotes as example "every few thousand marks spent on a munition factory has meant a house the fewer for the worker." Yes, but although spending money on houses for workers is certainly productive expenditure, it cannot be profitable when those workers have not a sufficient margin of income to pay a remunerative price or rent for them; and although in Fascist Germany and Italy profit making is not the universal yard-stick of enterprise, it does not appear that that yard-stick has been eliminated.

So in order to indulge in profitable enterprise a Fascist State has these courses open to it: (*a*) Provide the mass of its inhabitants (i.e., the workers) with a sufficient margin of income. (*b*) Sell goods to other States. (*c*) Develop comparatively unexploited areas.

Of these alternatives (*a*) is impossible as long as the State is both striving after artificial national self-sufficiency and arming at a furious rate; (*b*) is difficult to carry out very satisfactorily because of tariffs; so there remains (*c*), which for Italy, Germany and Japan means the acquisition of colonies—*from somebody*.

The desire for self-sufficiency pulls in the same direction, but from another angle, directly as well as indirectly, in that the acquisition of natural "producing" territory makes the goal less artificial and more easy of attainment.

All this is, of course, an extension of the thesis that "Capitalism leads to War"—but perhaps Mr. Guillebaud did not follow that controversy in your columns some time ago.

ANTHONY STEPHENSON

109 Anderton Park Road,
Moseley, Birmingham, 13.

INDIANS AT OXFORD

SIR,—Besides being a Hertford undergraduate I also happen to be an ex-President of the *Oxford Majlis* and a responsible officer of the Federation of Indian Students' Societies in Great Britain and Ireland. This letter, therefore, may perhaps do not a little to clear the unjust impression that may have been created by the last paragraph in the column "This England" of your issue of September 3rd, 1938.

I have been in the college for about three years now, and I can say that although a few students who have been to the right sort of public schools are not known to fall over the neck of Indians, no discrimination of any sort whatsoever is shown by the college authorities. In fact, only until last year one of the members of the college was a Negro student from the West Indies. Readers may do well to remember that there are about thirty colleges in Oxford and only two or three Negro students in residence. It is quite possible for colleges to reject coloured students, as indeed some colleges do.

I am sure, in his explanatory letter, Mr. Markham is not suggesting that *all* the colleges in Oxford are free from colour prejudice. I definitely know a few colleges which specialize in keeping the Indians out; but it is impossible to do anything in the matter because no definite rule states that they are not to be admitted. But Indians are taught even before they come to England that the wonderful Britishers who love freedom for themselves pride on having an unwritten constitution. Indians become aware of this when they try to seek admission to different institutions.

But coming back to the notice which has become so prominent now, let me give you a slight history behind the whole thing. As pointed out by Mr. Markham, the present Dean of the college, "the Indian Institute rather awkwardly juts into and forms one side of the quadrangle of Hertford College." I have often heard students and old scouts criticising the unbusinesslike outlook of an ex-Principal of ours who did not have foresight to think of days when Hertford would want to expand, and let the site of the

Indian Institute go, and thus lost an opportunity of completing our "quad," which could have lodged about fifty more students. The Institute has been looked upon by students as a "usurper" and been a constant eyesore to them, *not* because it is an *Indian* Institute but because it does not belong to Hertford. When the end-of-the-term orgies start, or on the night of the "Bump Supper," students find the windows of the Institute an easy target for throwing stones. The dislike of the "usurper," coupled with a misconception that we don't have to pay for the damage done to other people's property, are responsible for the unruly behaviour. The Dean's notice is just a warning to students.

No Indian who lives in Oxford and who knows the "Indian" Institute and the ideas associated with it would feel insulted by the notice of the Dean of Hertford College. First of all, the name of the Institute is a misnomer. It should have been called "School of Oriental Studies," for it really is a school of the University where many Oriental languages are taught and where all the tutors and professors are English. The Institute is mainly used as a school for the I.C.S. probationers and for half a dozen Indians, who come six thousand miles away from their motherland to learn Sanskrit and other Oriental languages!!! Everyone knows the joke; but, after all, an Oxford degree in anything has a market value.

As a matter of fact the notice was originally put up by our ex-Dean, Mr. T. S. R. Boase, whose impartiality to and love of Indians are beyond doubt. His witty and humorous notices were as popular as his articles and editorials in the college magazine, and they were as much enjoyed by the Indians as by the English students.

No one not intimately acquainted with the peculiarities of Oxford and not knowing all the circumstances should try to draw grave conclusions from outward appearances.

Hertford College, SATISH D. KALELKAR
Oxford.

TREATMENT OF DEBTORS

SIR,—The right of a creditor to levy execution upon a debtor's goods is a valuable one, and, as a solicitor acting more frequently for creditors than for debtors, I have every reason to desire its continuance.

This consideration has not, however, blinded my judgment to the fact that execution is a preposterous relic of a day when debtors were regarded as criminals, and were incarcerated without offence to enlightened consciences or the sleep of the righteous suffering.

At 5.30 this afternoon the bailiffs in the exercise of their duties cleared the entire stock of a small cycle shop in South London. Had I been living in an earlier age I could have salved my conscience (as being one of the community which permits indiscriminate execution) by extracting the last ounce of pathos out of the case, but I am content to let the bare facts speak and trust to their own eloquence.

The debtor, a widow of sixty, was plunged into debt in 1936 by a dishonest partner, her son. Since then she has settled over £150 of debts, leaving in March of this year only one of £70 outstanding. To achieve this—and it is no meretricious exaggeration—she has almost literally confined herself to a diet of bread and dripping.

This debt was left till last because she had had ten years of business dealing with the creditor firm, and had been allowed even greater credit without demur. It would have been cleared by August.

In March, however, came a peremptory demand, and hard on its heels a writ. I wrote a full explanation of the circumstances, consented to judgment, and asked for time. Time was granted until Whitsun—but whoever buys a bicycle until Whitsun? A further month would have brought payments on account to £25.

Then came the bailiffs. Yesterday she was the owner of a business worth £600. To-night she will have her bed—the law is kind—but she has no furniture, and no stock, and her business has fallen about her ears.

This medieval barbarity could be abolished if the sanction of a judge were a condition precedent to distress. In proper cases payment by instalments could be ordered, or even a partial distress, so as to leave the debtor still able to make a livelihood. I have only once or twice seen a case where execution had any colour of moral justification, and I think all solicitors in candid mood would agree. It sometimes strikes me as incredible that the law has not long since outgrown such an anti-humanitarian system.

A. F. S. C.

Miscellany

TO EAT TO-DAY

THEY come without siren-song or any ushering
Over the usual street of man's middle day,
Come unbelievably—abstract—beyond human vision—
Codicils, dashes along the great Maniac speech.
"Helmeted Nüremberg, *nothing*," said the people of Barcelona,
The people of Spain—"ya lo sabemos, we have suffered all."

Gangrene of German cross, you sirs in the ether,
Sons of Romulus, Wotan—is the mark worth the bomb?
What was in it? salt and a half-pint of olive,
Nothing else but the woman, she treasured it terribly,
Oil, for the day folks would come, refugees from Levante,
Maybe with greens . . . one round meal—but you killed her,
Killed four children outside, with the house, and the pregnant cat.
Heil, hand of Rome, you passed—and that is all.

I wonder—do you eat before you do these things,
Is it a cocktail or is it a *pousse-café?*
Are you sitting at mess now, saying "visibility medium . . .
We got the port, or near it, with half-a-dozen," I wonder—
Or highing it yet, on the home-run to Mallorca,
Cold at 5,000 up, cursing a jammed release . . .
"Give it 'em, puta Madonna, here, over Arenys—
Per Bacco, it's nearly two—bloody sandwich it's made down there—
Aren't we going to eat to-day, teniente? *Te-niente?*"
Driver in the clouds fuming, fumbler unstrapping death.
You passed; hate traffics on; then the shadows fall.

On the simple earth
Five mouths less to feed to-night in Barcelona.
On the simple earth
Men tramping and raving on an edge of fear.
Another country arming, another and another behind it—
Europe's nerve strung like catapult, the cataclysm roaring and swelling . . .
But in Spain no Perhaps, and To-morrow—in Spain it is, Here.

NANCY CUNARD

THE THIRD REICH

WÜRZBURG, *August 19th*, 1936

A YOUNG man, sun-burnt but hollow-cheeked, sat in the third-class waiting-room at the station. He was writing a letter in pencil. When he finished the letter he put it in an envelope and stamped it down with his fist, so hard that the table shook. I laughed. He laughed too.

"Foreigner?"

"English."

"Germany is a beautiful country," he said slowly, "but things are frightful here. The people are starving."

"You're not Nazi?"

"No. I'm a good German, mark you, but why can't a man be a good German without belonging to this party or that? The Nazis have no right to pretend one can't love one's country without being one of them. All I want—all we want, we poor devils—is to be left in peace and given enough to live on."

"What do you do?"

"I work in a munitions factory." He pulled out a wage-card. "Look at that. How can a man live on that? We make cannon to kill people with, and they won't even give us enough to feed ourselves. We're starving—really starving. Ah, it's always the people who suffer, the ordinary chaps. It's the same over the whole world, the people are lied to and deceived. If you want to hear how things are in Germany

to-day, ask the workers, always the workers. Not the rich: always the workers."

"How long can it last?"

"Not long. It can't. But it may go on till the Government has landed us in a war."

"Does the Government want war?"

"The Government—yes. Not the people, but the Government. As for the things we've been making in the factory this last year—I won't speak of them."

I stared at him. Blue eyes, sandy hair, jutting cheek-bones.

I asked: "How is it you dare to talk like this? Anyone might hear you. Or I might be a spy."

"Because I have nothing to lose. I haven't much longer to live." He leaned forward, his expression became gentle. "Yesterday, thirty-five of us at the munitions factory struck. We said we wouldn't go on making cannon when they wouldn't even feed us. We know that if we wait till to-morrow it's jail for the lot of us. And that's worse than death. I've made up my mind, anyway. I've scraped together enough cash to get to Mannheim. That's my native town. It's not far from here. And when I get there, to-night, I'm going to shoot myself."

It was time to go for my train. I said: "Can I wish you good luck?"

"Yes, you can do that."

We shook hands. I got up to go. He plucked me by the sleeve.

"If you get a chance, go some time to Mannheim. It's such a lovely place."

HAMBURG, *August 5th*, 1937

A black-haired, sallow-faced fellow in an overall streaked with paint and grease stood with his paint-pot and brush in the blazing sunlight.

"I said, I've been away on a journey. Don't you know what that means? It means I've been in a concert-camp. That's what we call them. Means concentration-camp."

"And is it as bad as they say?"

His dark eyes reminded me of a hungry animal, too cowed and frightened to take food held out. "Who are you?" he asked.

I reassured him. At last he began to talk. His voice was quiet, but trembled all the time, more and more as he spoke, so that every few minutes he stopped to get it under control.

"It's worse than anything you can imagine. I tell you this because I want people abroad to know the truth. I want everyone to know what life is like in Germany to-day.

"First they thrash us. They thrash us as soon as we arrive in prison. Then they made me run up and down the stairs in the courtyard. That went on for an hour and a half, without stopping. Then one of the SA-men took hold of me and hit me in the face. He said: 'Do you know why I hit you?' I said: 'Because I am a Jew.' He said: 'No. Try again.' I said: 'Because I belonged to the Social-Democrat Party.' He said: 'No. Because you weren't holding yourself properly.' And then he beat me again. That's how it was. That's typical. After that I had to stand to attention with my face to a wall, without moving. That often happened. Once they kept me standing to attention for seven hours. I tried to kill myself. I have a wife and daughter. Without me they are helpless. All the time I was away my wife had to beg for food and clothes to keep alive. So you understand what that means, when I tell you I tried three times to kill myself. But the SA wouldn't let me. They said there had been enough scandals abroad already about Jews dying in concentration-camps. So, instead, they took me away to a cell. They tied me to a bed, hand and foot, stretched out so I couldn't move. Then they left me there, in solitary confinement, for weeks. And every evening the SA came to show me what German hands can do. I thought I would go mad. Many people there did go mad. In the middle of the prison was a glass cell, with bars round it. They put a man in there and left him. Every time the warder passed he had to come to attention. He couldn't make a movement without being seen. At the end of eighteen months he went mad, and they shot him."

"And why were you taken there?"

"I was never tried. I was never accused. But I'm a Jew. And I was one of the four or five million members of the SDP. I wasn't politically active. But they took me away twice, once for eighteen months, then the second time for a couple of months, just to remind me. They may come again any day and take me away for as long as they like. They know I can't escape."

"One loses all hope," I said.

"No. Hope is the one thing we must never lose."

He lifted a dirty arm and wiped the sweat from his forehead. It left a long grey streak. Out of sweat, dirt, misery his eyes looked at me, not with fear but with profound dignity.

"Not that I want a revolution from the Left. Not yet. Just imagine, if all those people in the concentration-camps were let out, after all they've been through. . . . No, there would be too much bloodshed."

PARIS, *September 12th*, 1938

In Nuremberg Hitler had spoken. In Paris crowds began to gather round the news-stalls. Dark-faced young men with black wavy hair, red-faced men in fustian trousers, old women with trembling hands, smart mulatto women, maids with dogs strolled more and more slowly along the boulevard, then stood still under the trees that hung bright and motionless in the light of the cafes. Waves of voice rose and fell.

"And still I don't believe there will be a war."

"One can't know."

A raucous voice called out a distortion of "Evening News. . . . Evening News." A man tried to sell toy rabbits which jumped and squeaked when one pressed a rubber bulb. The cafés were full. An American woman bought a rabbit. "Isn't it just too sweet," she said. A woman with two little girls went to the news-stall. "Not yet." She turned away. Nine o'clock.

A voice beside me said: "When one has lived as long as I have one knows that none of these things matter. There's no point in getting worked up." It was an old man with a day's growth of white beard. His shirt was collarless, the stud moved over his Adam's apple as he spoke. Tired blue eyes looked out beneath a flat cap. "Wars come, wars go. It all passes. When one is as old as I am these things don't matter." He moved away down the boulevard.

The crowd round the news-stall thickened. An argument began. A lean man with a black beard and bright eyes dogmatised, jerking his hands. A young man with a thin moustache said: "Capitalism means war." Someone laughed. "You can still laugh?" "Of course. One must laugh, especially in crises. That's what we're French for." A Chinese youth listened with black, expressionless eyes. Red and blue lights flickered above the cafes. Ten o'clock. Two negroes joined the crowd.

A motor-bike pulled up. "Enfin!" The special late edition of *Paris-Soir*. The crowd surged at the motor-bike. Gendarmes arrived, surrounded the bike, held back the crowd. The papers were carried to the stall.

In silence men and women began to fight. They pushed, shoved, crushed. I got a paper and moved into the middle of the pavement. A crowd formed. I held the paper wide. They read in silence. An old man looked at me with watery eyes. "Merci, Monsieur, merci." The crowd dissolved in silence.

The road was dotted with men, women, groups reading the paper. Here and there an argument began, a group largened, the police came and dispersed it. A young man tried a pick-up: "Mais Mademoiselle . . . wouldn't you really like to see my paper? I assure you, it's very interesting!" Tarts gravitated towards the groups of readers. "Chéri, chéri!" Two old women with bundles of papers shrieked at one another: "This is my pitch! Get out! It's robbery!"

A man and a woman stared up at the trees. The floodlit leaves hung red and gold, like thin-beaten strips of metal, against a dark blue sky.

"Will they bomb us?" she asked, pressing his arm.

"We'll see," he answered, wearily. JOHN SYLVESTER

AN ARRIVAL

A CONSIDERABLE surprise, even for those who have been following with interest Mr. Graham Sutherland's work, awaits visitors to his exhibition at Messrs. Rosenberg and Helft's. I knew that he was an artist distinguished by an uncommon feeling for craftsmanship, always most intelligently accepting the demands and limitations of whatever medium he was working in. Thus his etchings commanded the enthusiasm of connoisseurs in that usually rather arid province of the arts. (How many neat-fingered McBeys and Rushburys we have to endure for one passionate inventor like Rembrandt or Picasso!) His contribution to the series of contemporary lithographs, now showing at the Leicester Galleries, is particularly successful, not only as a work of expressive art but as a specimen of coloured lithography. And when recently two firms in Staffordshire enterprisingly commissioned a number of artists to design plates and cups and saucers, the most entirely felicitous results were those achieved by Mr. Sutherland.

The twenty-five paintings now on show at 31 Bruton Street reveal a person who is much more than the deftest of craftsmen. At mixed shows, like those of the London Group, a picture or two by Mr. Sutherland evidently stood out, but, as I now perceive, the mediocrity of most of the neighbouring pictures made his work seem not more but less remarkable than it really was. Admirably displayed in the spacious gallery of Messrs. Rosenberg and Helft, Mr. Sutherland's pictures are unexpectedly impressive. Here is a painter who speaks with authority—almost the only English painter of the post-war generation in whose works we do not so much admit promise as recognise performance. The potentialities of oil and gouache and water-colour are exploited with all the ingenuity we have come to expect from this artist. Peer into these pictures and you are rewarded with details of handling that deserve the school-boy epithet of "scrumptious." The senses are stimulated and flattered by the over-lapping and scrambling of opulent colours; the artist's vision has extracted from Welsh landscapes oranges and pinks as sumptuous as those that forced themselves upon Gauguin in tropical Tahiti, as well as greys and browns reminiscent of Braque in their severe refinement. But there is much more to these paintings than virtuosity and sensuous charm. The preface to the catalogue justly puts it that "while many painters have attempted poetical subjects, few have painted poetically . . . Graham Sutherland does so." He is a highly romantic man, whose imagination transmutes natural appearances into forms charged with violent emotion; and, like all good Romantics, he delights in the unexpectedness of his discoveries, finding in phenomena strange lineaments to which our ordinary eyes have not been alive. "Nearly all these pictures," we are told, "have been painted from small careful drawings done on the spot, squared for enlargement and followed most accurately." Yet in face of many of them we may well be uncertain of their subjects. Thus a painting which at first looks as if it might have been suggested by the sight of a woman sitting on a sofa turns out to be derived from a road among hills at sunset. The fact is that, as poets have never ceased discovering, the world is full of things that resemble one another. Trees are likened to fountains or girls or ruined choirs; and

> Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish;
> A vapour sometimes like a bear or lion,
> A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
> A forked mountain or blue promontory
> With trees upon it . . .

These paintings represent the shapes of nature truthfully enough, but the shapes that have interested the artist are often, if not positively dragonish, at least very curious. And his approach to phenomena is very much his own. Whereas the cubists, and painters like Mr. Paul Nash and Mr. Wadsworth, have looked for order in Nature, making trees and hills geometrical or suggestive of machine-parts, Mr. Sutherland pursues organic forms. Each of these opposing methods of vision seems to me equally justifiable; in painting as in verse, there is place for both Pope and Blake. But to understand Mr. Sutherland's work, one must, I think, be clear that it is very different from that of most painters of "abstracts." It has been remarked that Cézanne, and the Cubists, who developed his methods, sounded a Recall to Order: Mr. Graham Sutherland, like Picasso in his latest pictures, may be said to represent a Recall to Vitality. The whole history of painting is made up of tides moving alternately in these opposite but equally necessary directions. The Surrealists in their reaction against the Post-Impressionist insistence upon discipline, have, I consider, failed because they have neglected the first principles of art. But Picasso, even in those works claimed by the Surrealists as belonging to their movement, has never forgotten that the prime necessity of a picture is design. In his expression of turmoil and anguish and energy through organic forms, he has continued to produce pictures which are self-contained and intrinsically valid constructions. Mr. Graham Sutherland cannot be compared in stature with Picasso, but he is the only painter I know who has, without aping the later Picasso, moved successfully in a similar direction.

In an adjoining room there are some admirable pictures by other English painters of the post-war generation, including Pasmore, Graham Bell, Coldstream, Rogers and Tibble—all of whom I believe to be serious, gifted and highly promising painters. Their approach to the job is very different from Mr. Sutherland's—I do not say less justifiable. But in this article I have had to confine myself to discussing one artist, because he is not very well known and he now, in my opinion, takes his place among the most arresting painters of his time.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

DRAMA OF DESPAIR

THE frame of mind in which I am sitting down to discuss an interesting performance—the production in modern dress of *Troilus and Cressida* is one which readers will have no difficulty in sharing (I am writing on Wednesday morning, September 28th,) or, in happier event, of at least understanding in retrospect: the world of the theatre seems hardly at this moment to call for comment.

Now, if I did not earn my living by criticism there is no doubt I should allow my mind to dwell on other things; but I am not at all sure that the compulsion to earn some money is not driving me, in this instance, to behave more sensibly than I otherwise should. Without that compulsion I should no doubt be talking about issues which I cannot affect. And if it is true that this effort to wrench my mind away from war and fix it upon matters distinct from the focus of vital interest may be salutary to me, leaving me in no wise less fit to face what may have to be faced, it is also possible that it is beneficial to readers. They certainly will not have to spend so much time away from their most urgent preoccupations as I; writing is a slow process, reading a quick one. Therefore in the hope at any rate that an interval of detachment is not without some value, I will turn my mind on to the queerest, bitterest play Shakespeare wrote.

The Mask Theatre Company at the Westminster Theatre, probably chose to open a most interesting programme, with *Troilus and Cressida* because it is in some respects modern, and because it is in a sense a war-play. That aspect of it is not of course the main one. Its chief characteristic is that it is a play which was written out of a state of bitter disillusionment with mankind, which Shakespeare experienced, and from which he was never, I believe, completely free afterwards, though he transmuted it into tragic energy in the great tragedies and mitigated it with the contemplation of enchanting dreams. I am one of those who cannot see spiritual serenity in his last work. I can only see longing for rest, resignation and a love of beauty in *The Tempest*.

Troilus and Cressida precedes the last four great tragedies *Othello, King Lear, Macbeth, Anthony and Cleopatra*. Its conception must have taken place some time after that of *Hamlet*, and its prevailing tone is akin to the bitterness and misanthropy visible in that play. No one knows when exactly it was written, and there are some doubts if it was even finished. Masefield describes it as a " dialogue scenario " in which only two or three scenes were completed; and I think a case can be made out for this view. It was published before it was performed. The finished scenes are splendid and intense—not dramatically, but in thought and expression. The language is highly Latinised, and an exceptional number of out of the way words are used and familiar ones are often given variant terminations. It is full of obscurities. Dramatically, it is not by any means a masterpiece; and it has a deep flaw which, if those are right who think that Shakespeare gave the play up as a bad job and put no more work into it, would account for the condition in which it has reached us. The first theme is a light woman's betrayal of a romantic boy; and the second is the Trojan war—that is to say the ruin of a city, a whole civilisation, through another light woman. As Masefield points out, the second is a so much bigger subject that it overshadows the *Troilus and Cressida* theme. The dramatist's interest is divided; the emotions of the audience are consequently distracted and confused. The only element which brings the two themes, the greater and the less, into some sort of unity is the unmeasured universal railing of Thersites, and this, though in certain moods it may be a satisfaction to hear, cannot sustain a work of art; for it cannot sustain the mind of man. It is no accident that this response to experience should find expression in meanest language. Only in words without the smallest tincture of dignity can such an attitude be expressed.

As a work which helps us to understand Shakespeare and the suffering in which the great tragedies were rooted, *Troilus and Cressida* is most significant and moving. But it is not moving in itself, though it contains lovely passages; nor is it inspired by comic detachment, though it contains masterly strokes of satire. That Shakespeare, the author of the greatest tragedies in the English language, knew what it was to be overwhelmed by the spirit of negation and a loathing of mankind is the fact in which this play rubs the noses of those bland muddle-head monsters who suppose that " true tragedy " always shows that the Universe is "somehow good." Rubbish! The thought which *Lear* or *Othello* should excite is not that suffering cruelty and death are somehow justified, because we can be sublimely moved by the spectacle of their triumph; but that something is left protesting: the conquerable mind of man. That is all. And that is the basis of tragedy—not mystic optimism.

The best tragedy can only be written by one who has known what it is to lose faith even in the value of that protest which is the sublimest *fact* in the world, whether made vainly or not. The value of *Troilus and Cressida* is that it is a record of Shakespeare having lived through that experience.

The interesting result of modernising the play and presenting the characters in contemporary dress—Pandarus as an elderly, silky, salacious bachelor, fashionable and fond of music; Thersites as a dingy war-correspondent; Helen and Cressida as cocktail-party lovelies, etc., etc.—is to bring us straight into contact with the mood in which the play was conceived and written. The veil which the exquisite diction of some love passages, and picturesqueness of costume might have hung between us and the stuff out of which the play is really made, is torn down. The experiment in Act I and II is almost as successful as it is interesting; but in the five scenes which comprise the last act the jar between the text which refers constantly to " swords " and " helms " and is based on the conception of war as a matter of personal combat, and the machinery of modern war, is too violent not to destroy our pleasure and our faith in what is before our eyes. Nevertheless the performance is not one to miss. It brings home that it is not only the poetry of Shakespeare that is for every time. As far as I can analyse my impressions I think I can say that Thersites and Pandarus (admirably played by Mr. Max Adrian and Mr. Stephen Murray respectively) were much more *real* than they had ever been before. Hector, Ajax and Achilles, too, were at least convincing in their transformation into modern figures. The effect upon the part of Ulysses was very odd. Mr. Robert Speaight who, by the by, spoke his lines extremely well, became a new character to me. The spirit of disintegrating contempt which before had seemed to spare him in my imagination, was seen clearly to be at work there also; he was mean as well as adroit and beautifully eloquent. Nestor became frankly a bland old wordy bore. No doubt this is how Shakespeare conceived him, but that had never struck me so clearly before. The most difficult part to play was the modern Troilus. Mr. Robert Harris made heroic efforts to get him across, but Troilus is more a child of the renaissance than the others; he cannot be changed completely into a contemporary. Mr. Harris ought to keep the *hysterica passio* down.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

MODERN MUSIC

A COPY of the latest number of an American review entitled *Modern Music* has just been shown to me by a musician. It is a quarterly periodical devoted exclusively to music and it is published by the League of Composers at fifty cents a copy. Its aims are musical and not commercial, as are so many of the journals in America and elsewhere that deal with music. The quality and character of its contributions is very mixed, but it seems that it is free from the the vice of writing down to a public presumed to consist of ignorant and infantile minds who are to be bluffed into a seeming participation in the experience of musicians which is a substitute for the reality. Among its articles are two by the well-known American musician and composer, Roger Sessions, who is a member of the Executive Board. One of these articles is on Vilnau and was written after the *Anschluss*. Sessions won the American Prix de Rome for music and had had many years' study and experience abroad. He speaks of Vienna as having been for musicians " a symbolic counterpart of all that Florence or Athens represented in other fields of culture " and laments its final obliteration:

> It was here that . . . the greatest masters lived and worked and that their memories, intimately associated with a thousand backgrounds, remained vivid and intense. From Mozart and Haydn through Beethoven, Schubert and Brahms to (let us for once ignore petty qualifications and admit a juxtaposition, the limitations of which are perfectly well known) Schönberg, Weber and Berg; when one thinks of these and the many other names which I have omitted, one wonders not only at how few of the truly great names are absent, but perhaps, above all, at the variety, the vastness and the depth of invention and expression which it includes. Here the greatest composers grew and were nourished by the richest blend of European spiritual streams; not only north and south, but many elements also from the east, met in Vienna and combined to form a musical tradition which was genuinely European and therefore genuinely human.
>
> It is of course of the earlier composers that I have in mind as I write this. The art of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and their contemporaries, speaks with an unfaltering voice for the whole Western world and covers this world completely. It is true also that later in the century, music, like European culture in general, tended gradually to disperse itself. Music became, as we all know, more and more local and in the deepest sense provincial—no longer European, but German and French and Italian and even Bohemian and Hungarian and Russian—even Finnish and Roumanian and Jugo-Slavian. Nietzsche pointed out some fifty odd years ago that Schumann, already, and first among the great German composers, was no longer a European but purely a German event."

To me these words coming from an eminent musician of purely American origin, and no recent importation into that country, are immensely valuable. I have always been a believer in a European tradition and am fearful of the provincial isolation that comes from excessive nationalism. There can be little doubt that music is dead or dying in Europe. This, as Mr. Sessions points out, is not because

the chief musical personalities in Germany and Austria have been thrust out so much as because "the whole aim of the totalitarian state is to destroy the integrity of the individual and the spirit of truth and disinterested effort on which integrity depends." This process which we see already dominating in Russia and Germany, rapidly developing in Italy and even spreading its influence through the rest of Western Europe is aptly described by Mr. Sessions as an "implacable hostility to everything towards which Western civilised man, pagan or Christian, has striven in the last three thousand years. It is this spirit to which the living artist, even more than other men, must remain mortally hostile since, whether he be aware of it or not, it strikes at the foundations on which all spiritual activity rests. . . ."

Mr. Sessions goes on to say that most of the outstanding contemporary figures in Viennese music are still living but that unless their traditions, "so important to music's future," are to die a barren death with them, they must be able to find "organic and revitalising growth elsewhere." He is of the opinion that the future of music lies in the United States. No doubt—at least it seems probable and is something we must sincerely hope for—music will have a great future in the United States. But there is no reason why it should not also have a similar future in Great Britain if British musicians take advantage of their present opportunities in the right spirit. Now, what Mr. Sessions has to say on this subject to his American colleagues applies so completely to our British musicians that I shall not apologise for quoting it at length:

> The American musician will rapidly cease to be an isolated figure, both forced, as it were, and enabled, to retire behind a wall of protective isolation; he will meet his European colleagues on equal ground, standing or falling by virtue of his achievements alone. I am sure you hope, as I do, that we will prove equal to our opportunities, though I have my moments of feeling that it is almost too much to hope. At all events profound changes will have to take place. The American composer above all must learn to take a more mature and serious attitude towards his art and abandon the postures which, as we all secretly know, have offered such convenient havens of refuge up to this time. You realise of course that I am not speaking of a few outstanding and ripened personalities but of a bewildered and groping "rank and file." The postures of which I speak are familiar enough—they take the form of feebly conceived artificial and quasi-academic standards, before the fact and beside the point, of the pseudo-provincial dilettantism of the "typically American style," of self-conscious conceptions both of form and content. . . Above all, American composers will have to abandon resolutely chimerical hopes of success in a world dominated overwhelmingly by "stars," by mechanised popular music, and by the box-office standard, and set themselves to discovering what they truly have to say and to saying it in the manner of the adult artist delivering his message to those who have ears to hear it. All else is childishness and futility. . . .

Here are words—the words of a truly fine intelligence and superior personality—which will go straight to the heart of every serious young British musician and strengthen him in the frightful struggle that confronts him if he is to be a true musician and a willing servant—however humble—of his great art.

W. J. TURNER

THE MOVIES

"The Strange Monsieur Victor," at the Curzon (from Wednesday)
"Prison Sans Barreaux," at the Academy
"Abus de Confiance," at Studio One
"Mademoiselle Ma Mère," at the Berkeley

MONSIEUR VICTOR is Raimu; but without Raimu this would still be a fine film. The French talent for imaginative lighting and photography is here at its best; on the large Curzon screen, and with perfect projection (not so common as it might be), many scenes have the exciting visual beauty of *North Sea* or *The River*. They owe their beauty simply to the taste and skill of director and photographer; the subject would hardly be credited, on any production schedule, as having "picturesque interest." The whole action takes place in Toulon, not a spot which tourists gush about; it might just as well have been laid in any other Midi town, it need not even have been a port. Still, having chosen Toulon, they have shown us Toulon: big, bare squares only a step away from swarming alleys, the curious no-man's-land that is always to be found somewhere near a harbour, the unheeded boom of sirens, the backs of warehouses, a sailor or two rounding the corner, a stout prostitute, deserted, bored, and on the verge of calling it a night. None of this detail is shot at us, but it is always so unobtrusively and beautifully there that the suspense is never killed by a whiff of studio or arc-lamp.

There is an excellent plot, to relate which would be to detract from your pleasure; enough to say that Monsieur Victor, half good bourgeois shopkeeper and half fence, is suddenly goaded into the murder of an accomplice; that strong circumstantial evidence leads to the condemnation of the wrong man, a cobbler whom he knows; that the suspense arises from Victor's predicament when faced with the innocent man's escape from prison seven years later. Obviously a plot which might serve any producer for a conventional thriller; that this film is so much more is due, in addition to its uncommon truth and beauty of atmosphere, to its brilliant acting. Besides Raimu, who is equally good as Dr. Jekyll and as Mr. Hyde, there is a performance of fiery intensity from Pierre Blanchar as the unjustly accused cobbler. Nobody can glower like M. Blanchar (in *A Royal Divorce* he *looked* wonderful and I have no doubt that, in his own language, he could be a superb Napoleon). Less spectacular, but not less good, were the women; as the cobbler's wife Viviane Romance nagged with horrible verisimilitude, while Madeleine Renaud, as Raimu's wife, plays an honest *bourgeoise* with rare discretion, even consenting (as no American would) to appear without a trace of make-up. M. Gremillon has achieved the feat of presenting, without sentimentality or aunt-like condescension, a couple of boys playing alone in a room. His direction is very skilful: not least in his use of long silences and omission of everything that is not of central importance. How few directors could have resisted showing us a bit of the trial or the cobbler's arrival in prison. The issues raised in this film are not important, nor is its psychology profound; but we shall be lucky if a better one reaches us before Christmas.

Prison Sans Barreaux is the original version of the English film at the Pavilion reviewed here a fortnight ago. The copy departs very little from the original; when it does, it does not improve. In the French film Corinne Luchaire, as the wild girl tamed by humane treatment, is a wholly credible reformatory inmate, shiny on the cheeks, vague about the eyebrows; the Korda unit have classified her under Juvenile Glamour, smoothed, combed, plucked, added lustre to taste, and photographed the result against scudding clouds in a piece of rather affected montage; Denham was her finishing school. A further great advantage in the French film is the casting of the new superintendent and the doctor; where Edna Best was little more than the Spirit of Hockey and Fair Play, Annie Ducaux has authority, and looks the sort of young woman who might very well get such a job; while Roger Duchesne does much to make credible a poor part in which Barry Barnes merely displayed his usual cheeky charm. (It must be confessed, however, that their early love scene is very like a French coloured postcard.) The old, embittered superintendent is scarcely less of a monster than was Martita Hunt; since the film was made as a direct result of a series of articles which appeared in *Paris Soir*, one is forced to suspect that there may have been some justification for this apparently exaggerated portrait.

Both *Abus de Confiance* and *Mademoiselle Ma Mère* star Danielle Darrieux and were directed by her husband, M. Decoin; in every other respect chalk is not more different from cheese. *Mademoiselle Ma Mère* is the equivalent of an English quota farce, quite unworthy of importation and without a spark of wit to betray the land of its origin (I confess that I only stuck it out till half-time). *Abus de Confiance*, on the other hand, is a most enjoyable film based on a sentimental

and slightly improbable story. A law student (Mlle. Darrieux), suddenly left penniless, is faced with starvation—or submission to the vulpine advances of prospective employers (a brilliant sequence this); the chance discovery of a diary enables her to pass herself off as the illegitimate daughter of a distinguished professor of history; the ruse succeeds, and her charms conquer everyone, even the professor's wife, but she herself, being a good girl, remains miserable. This may not sound much, but somehow it is. In the cinema so much depends on acting and direction; and in *Abus de Confiance* the direction is admirable, while the versatile Danielle shows herself more Bergnerish than Bergner. PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Blind Man's Buff," at the Arts Theatre

This play, by Ernst Toller and Denis Johnston, did the actors, the producer and the dramatists great credit. Act I is in the hall of Dr. Chavasse's house; his wife has taken poison and the doctor, having failed to save her, has sent for a woman doctor, who two years ago had been his mistress. The motive of the wife's suicide was a long rankling, and possibly revengeful, jealousy of them both. Mary Quirke, the Chavasses' servant, a virulently vindictive creature, played with telling sobriety by Miss Rose Murray, has taken Mrs. Chavasse's side and is now determined to ruin the doctor. He, dreading scandal, attempts to persuade Dr. Anice Hollingshead to certify the death as due to gastritis. In the presence of a policeman, whom he has sent for to charge Mary Quirke with theft, he commits Anice to that diagnosis before she speaks. Now the only chance of his escaping is conducting his defence in such a way that the question of motive is not raised Chavasse's counsel skilfully prevents the lovers' old letters being put in as evidence, but Chavasse, maddened in the witness box at the lies of Mary Quirke, attacks her character, thus enabling the prosecution to raise the question of *his* character and to reveal the intrigue between him and Anice. He is condemned, but his sentence commuted. In Act III we see the public prosecutor being gradually brought to suspect the verdict. The official analyst is driven to admit that his evidence was only a guess. The verdict is reversed and Dr. Chavasse becomes a popular hero. But his vindictiveness towards even the men who had jeopardised their official careers to save him alienates Anice. The play has two excellent points. It shows that the law is on the side of those who know the game, and yet the power of the instinct for justice, however slowly it may be raised. The apparently cold public prosecutor (played with a telling restraint by Mr. Philip Leaver) emerges as the man. A good play which grows increasingly gripping.

"The Last Trump," at the Duke of York's

It is a tradition that heavy comedians have secret longings to play Hamlet, and it seems equally true that chatty popular dramatists have a not-so-secret desire to emulate Shaw. In his latest play Mr. Bridie openly makes the attempt, and if he fails to assume the Shavian mantle, he certainly generates all the Shavian gas. Mr. Shaw takes a group of very ordinary people, so does Mr. Bridie; Mr. S. breaks some enormous stimulating improbability over their heads, so does Mr. B.; Mr. S. sits his characters down in a circle and lets them talk for three acts, so does Mr. B.; Mr. S. is a brilliant and original thinker, Mr. B.—here comparisons become unnecessary. The theme of *The Last Trump* is that earthquakes cure dyspepsia, or that the wolf at the door doesn't matter when the house catches fire. Buchlyvie is a comically brutal financier, hard-headed, hard-hearted and hard-arteried. This last hardness is a serious matter, and the doctors warn him that the least excitement may cause his death, with the natural result that he becomes a terrified hypochondriac. One of his brutal schemes is the industrialisation of a Highland glen; and an astronomer friend of the dispossessed Laird determines to frighten Buchlyvie to death by foretelling the imminent end of the world. Unfortunately, this has quite the wrong effect, and, careless any longer of his already doomed arteries, the financier becomes his old violent self. But his prospective daughter-in-law has persuaded him to play poker for high stakes on what he believes is the Last Night, and wins from him ten thousand pounds and the Highland glen, so that all, presumably, ends happily. Throughout the acres of talk to which this plot gives rise there is not one good joke or original observation: it need only be added that both the astronomy and the poker are wrong in every detail. Sir Seymour Hicks, as Buchlyvie, gives a brilliant performance in a hopeless part, and Mr. Cecil Trouncer is delightful as an eccentric old doctor. But when the camel's back is broken, it takes more than a lump of sugar to cheer the animal up.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, September 30th—
- Public Meeting on Britain, Russia and the Crisis, organised by Committee for Peace and Friendship with the Soviet Union. Speakers: Robert Boothby, Geoffrey Mander and D. N. Pritt, Friends House, 8.

SUNDAY, October 2nd—
- Prof. H. Levy: "I Accuse . . .," Conway Hall, 11.
- J. F. Horrabin on "Should Germany Have Colonies?" 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.
- Public Celebration of Mahatma Gandhi's 69th Birthday, Indian Students' Union, 8.30.
- London Theatre Concert, Cambridge Theatre, 8.30.

MONDAY, October 3rd—
- J. M. Blackburn on "Are Groups Formed by Instinct?" First of series of lectures for Diploma in Social Studies, 8 Portman St., 7.
- Public Meeting of the India League. Speakers include: Hon. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, Jawaharlal Nehru and Ellen Wilkinson, Friends House, 8.
- Advance Players Association in Plays of Shakespeare, People's Palace, for 2 weeks.

TUESDAY, October 4th—
- Exhibition of Picasso's "Guernica," in aid of Spanish Relief, New Burlington Galleries. Till October 29th.
- Walter de la Mare on "Poetry," Morley College, 8.
- "When We Are Married," St. Martins.

WEDNESDAY, October 5th—
- Prof. John MacMurray on "Religion in the Modern World," Conway Hall, 8.
- Sir Henry Wood Jubilee Concert, Royal Albert Hall.

FRIDAY, October 7th—
- Irene Barclay on "Housing and Poverty," Dick Sheppard Centre, 52 Queensway, 8.
- "The Witch," Tavistock Little Theatre.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IT is practically impossible to find the source of a river since, unless defined artificially, every river has a hundred or a thousand sources springing out along different hillsides and draining different slopes. In limestone country some may flow a long way underground before suddenly appearing. And in the same way obscure, because of their number, are the causes which result in any man's character and beliefs developing in the way they do. Each trait is the result of the confluence of several dozen springs of action. There are surface causes and underground causes. And though professional psychologists often produce witty explanations of a belief, their methods are not for biographers to imitate. The exasperating thing is that the causes which result in a certain character, and in certain beliefs, are what the world most needs to know: for how can men be just, generous and noble unless we know what has made them so in the past? Reading a most excellent new biography, *Wilfrid Scawen Blunt*, by Edith Finch (Cape, 15s.) one is able to see some of the contributing causes which made him the most attractive man of his time: brave, disinterested, and honest. What was it that made him so different from the other brilliant young men of his set who used to assemble for happy care-free days of witty talk in the "Crabbet Club," at his house in Sussex? He was no more intelligent, to start with, than (let us say) Lord Curzon. In many ways he was indeed rather silly—but somehow, politically, he got his values right. He cared about things which mattered, and cared about them more and more, while the brilliant intelligent young Curzon dried up and cared for the little vestiges of things which had meant something once upon a time.

* * *

Wilfrid Blunt came of an old Sussex family, inheriting an estate from his father and a predisposition to tuberculosis from his mother. She was a friend of Cardinal Manning's who became a Catholic during her widowhood, and her children were afterwards converted. She died when Wilfrid was thirteen, leaving a Catholic Bishop as her children's guardian, an appointment which was perhaps fortunately set aside as illegal by the Lord Chancellor. The boy was allowed to go to a Catholic school and remained a Catholic, but at twenty-one found the restrictions on his using his mind were not to be endured. After being formally forbidden to read *Origin of Species* he did so, "committing his first deliberate sin." He had entered the diplomatic service: was very good-looking. At Madrid he developed a great interest in bull-fighting and distinguished himself in the ring. "I was very much afraid indeed, but I would not give in," he explained to Sir William Gregory. He was afraid of the bull perhaps; but he was never afraid of making a fool of himself, or of what people would say about him. Then came a love affair with "Skittles," an adorable Manon, who remained his friend for the whole of their lives. Indeed she used to come and pay him visits fifty-five years after their first meeting. Bertrand Russell's uncle, the Mohammedan Lord Stanley, and afterwards Richard Burton, gave him an interest in the East. When he was twenty-nine he married Lady Anne Noel, Byron's granddaughter, and resigned from the diplomatic service. During a visit to Turkey, Blunt was informed that he was in galloping consumption and had only a month to live. He characteristically decided to spend the month adventurously, and set off with his wife to wander through Asiatic Turkey and Northern Syria.

* * *

The pure air of the desert healed his lung, and both he and Lady Anne were fascinated by the Arabs and by their horses. They decided to make a long visit to Arabia; to travel across it from end to end, and to buy the finest specimens of the Arab horse, with which they intended to found a stud in Sussex. These journeys were dangerous and difficult, but the Blunts carried them out with extraordinary success. They were obviously great people. Blunt charmed the Princes of the desert, just as he charmed London society. Lady Anne was a good linguist and was engaged in match-making in the harems on behalf of her husband's sworn blood-brothers. Once or twice there were awkward moments, and the stock of a gun was actually broken over Blunt's head, during a *grazzu*. But they reached Hail two years after Doughty had been there, and got away from it still on good terms with Ibn Rashid, whose eyes were restless and whose hands never stopped from picking at his clothes. And then they embarked on even more dangerous and difficult journeys in Southern Persia. Blunt came back completely changed.

* * *

The absolute freedom of the Arabs seemed to him something more worth having than anything England or Europe had to give. In Nejd he had found liberty, equality and brotherhood. There were no taxes, no police, no conscription, no compulsion of any kind to irritate the inhabitants, on whose good will the ruler depended. It was obvious that they were happier and better off than the wretched Indians, who had to contribute handfuls of rice to support the government of Blunt's most intimate friend, Lord Lytton, then Viceroy of India. Echoes of Byron helped to increase his generous belief that native peoples would be happier if left free to live in their own way. Then, since he could not be always travelling in the desert, he went to Egypt, which became his second home. He knew Gladstone, he liked Gordon, and naturally became involved in politics. Miss Finch excels with a clear, detached account of what was going on in Egypt and the very considerable part which Blunt played as an intermediary in Anglo-Egyptian politics. This is the best part of an extremely good book. Blunt became not just a sentimental supporter of the under-dogs of all colours in the British Empire, but a more clear-sighted politician than any of the party men. He lived in an age of naked imperialist aggression, hated it, and fought it, and recorded its secret history as no one else could have done. Most of his contemporaries thought of him as a political crank who bred Arab horses and wrote poems, but *My Diaries*, published in 1920, is the most revealing book of memoirs of the late Victorian age. I do not care much for his poetry, and his literary and aesthetic judgments are simply those of any cultivated man of his time and seem queer enough nowadays. He thought Swinburne "the greatest lyric poet of the English tongue." And after visiting the first post-Impressionist Exhibition of 1910, which contained numbers of pictures by Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, Manet, Seurat, Van Gogh, and Gauguin, he wrote: "Apart from the frames the whole collection should not be worth £5, and then only for the pleasure of making a bonfire of them. . . . They are the works of idleness and impotent stupidity, a pornographic show." He disliked all music and had also "a terrible dislike of blank verse."

* * *

His political judgments, which seemed treason or madness to his contemporaries, now make him seem the sanest and most long-sighted man of his age. Three of Blunt's political acts stand out. He alone saved the life of Arabi Pasha after Tel-el-Kebir, "a battle fought in the interests of the Stock Exchange, in which 20,000 of the half-armed peasantry of the Nile had been slaughtered." Arabi would certainly have been executed if Blunt had not organised and paid for his defence. When Kitchener provided the "big butcher's bill," which had been asked for by the Home Government in revenge for General Gordon's death, by killing ten thousand dervishes at Omdurman, and showed what the Maxim gun could do, only two people expressed their horror by letters to the *Times*: Blunt and General Gordon's sister. Blunt had liked Gordon and had written him a warning letter. "Consider what your death will mean: the certainty of a cry for vengeance in

England and an excuse for those who ask no better than a war of conquest. I wish I could be sure that all those who are sending you on your mission do not foresee this end." Blunt had simple courage as well as a clear head. After listening to Balfour's cold-blooded talk at dinner about his coercion policy in Ireland, he was so disgusted that he went over, called a prohibited meeting and went to gaol. I cannot imagine a better spiritual preparation for war to-day than reading this life of Wilfrid Blunt. England is no longer a jingo Imperialist Power. But fear breeds hatred and cruelty and lies: and these breed their like, and greediness steps in very quickly. The man who always puts truth, justice and liberty above the hasty expediences of patriotism and party is an example and an inspiration. Whether by arms or by reason, our main business is to destroy, not Germany, but the Nazis, and we shall only do so successfully, without breeding further evil, if we keep our hands as clean as possible and behave in all things with Blunt's disinterested love of liberty, justice and truth.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

A Day of Battle. By VINCENT SHEEAN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.

U.S.A. By JOHN DOS PASSOS. *Constable.* 10s.

Evil Was Abroad. By JOHN LEHMANN. *Cresset Press.* 7s. 6d.

Eater of Women. By W. J. BLACKLEDGE. *Werner Laurie.* 7s. 6d.

A Day of Battle is an unusual and distinctive historical novel. The battle of the title is Fontenoy (1745), where a mixed force of French, Swiss, Italians, Irish, Scots and Virginian negroes under the command of Marshal Saxe defeated a similar conglomeration of the English and their Allies. Superficially, Fontenoy was a decisive battle. The Anglo-Prussian hegemony of Europe received a severe setback, and the consequent loss of English prestige encouraged the abortive '45. Actually, the battle was merely a transient check in the vast process that built up the British Empire and drove France and traditionalism together to their inevitable ruin; though few of the combatants realised it, Fontenoy was the last great victory for European feudalism. The whole of the book is, apart from a few asides with the future Pompadour, devoted to the battle itself; and from the early morning when Louis XV awakes in the stinking splendour of a converted farmhouse, to the evening when the dead are piled in neat heaps and the survivors lick their wounds in silence, we follow the fluctuating fortunes of Marshal Saxe and a small group of his officers.

As we should expect, Mr. Sheean has done a brilliant piece of reporting, and made the smoky fury of a highly complex battle as clear and vivid as an American news film. The author ignores the question that so troubled Old Kaspar, and sidesteps the treacherous problem of creating historical characters by centring his story on those of the famous dead whom our biographical Burtons have already tailored into pleasingly conventional patterns. Mr. Sheean tells an admirable story: it is only his readiness to accept slick characterisation that robs him of real excellence. It is too much, no doubt, to expect any novelist to catch La Pompadour's intelligent charm or reproduce Voltaire's terrifying wit, but surely much more could be made of that curious creature Marshal Saxe. Up to a point, his portrait of the dropsical, swearing Marshal, swaying like a bloated corpse on his great horse and bullying with equal fury a wavering army and his own sick body, is lively and accurate enough. But Saxe was more than a blaspheming lecher and brilliant tactician; he was a strange contradiction of vision, brutality and naive sentimentalism; a man who could revolutionise the use of field artillery yet urge the revival of armour, who opposed the savagery of fashionable military discipline, yet outdid Swift with a perfectly serious scheme for putting the women of France to stud. Mr. Sheean's Marshal is just a brutish military genius; the real man was one of the oddest figures of his very peculiar century.

The real weakness of *A Day of Battle* is its lack of historical feeling. There are no factual anachronisms—the author has clearly paid great attention to technical accuracy—but, like all good reporters, he writes from the emotional background of his own experience. And, perhaps unfortunately, no living novelist has fought in an eighteenth-century battle. Take, for instance, Mr. Sheean's description of an advance under heavy fire:

> The artillery from the two sides, Fontenoy and Barry, ploughed great trenches through the living block of the English, and the lines closed up as before and advanced, steadily advanced. . . . Maurice de Saxe, who was perfectly familiar with the movement he now witnessed, even though it had hitherto existed only in his own imagination, brushed the sudden tears from his eyes with the back of his hand.
>
> "Damn me," he muttered, "it's not human. They're not human."

And now see how Rifleman Harris, an actual participant, regarded a similar occasion:

> I saw regular lanes torn through their ranks as they advanced, which were immediately closed up again as they marched steadily on. Whenever we saw a round shot thus go through a mass we raised a shout of delight.

The difference between the Marshal's manly tears and the Rifleman's shout of delight is the difference between journalism and history. If Mr. Sheean's characters are sometimes stilted and his historical perspective a trifle faulty, he has a swift and vigorous narrative style, and I found his description of the battle a good deal more exciting than Carlyle's Hickeyesque enthusiastics on the same affair. As a study of individuals, *A Day of Battle* is mediocre, as a picture of masses in action it is superb.

U.S.A. is a republication, *42nd Parallel*, 1919 and *The Big Money* in one volume, and makes it possible to see in large the trilogy that many believed to be an American *War and Peace*. My first impression on a casual rereading was that the books were already dated; our old friends the Newsreel and the Camera Eye have all the embarrassing cleverness of an ambitious undergraduate paper, and the montage-effects that once seemed to enhance reality are, taken in bulk, more than a little pretentious. Yet as a whole, *U.S.A.* remains an impressive achievement. The strikes, lynchings and individual miseries are told with an energetic bitterness that even the Cummings jargon cannot sterilise, and the gallery of puzzled, ill-treated tough guys has an engaging reality that a hundred recent novels have taught us properly to appreciate.

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Mr. Dos Passos is not the Tolstoy, or even the Jane Austen of the post-war purgatory; he has not the breadth or superior cynicism required of a social historian. He is just what he claims to be, a newsreel camera-man with a social bias, and if he lacks the variety to be interesting for the whole programme, he makes a refreshing sorbet between René Clair and the Dead End Kids.

Evil Was Abroad is Mr. Lehmann's first novel and, like many first novels, it is a balance between present faults and future promise. The plot is tenuous and conventional. A young English writer goes to live in Socialist Vienna and comes into contact with Rudi, a handsome, fair-haired, proletarian youth whom unemployment is rapidly driving to complete despair. An emotional friendship grows up between the two, and the writer (who is the first person of the story) is gradually taught to realise that Oxford and Bloomsbury are not the whole of society, and that the forces behind the scenes have little use for pure aesthetics. The writer goes to Prague for a time, and during his absence Rudi falls into his former despondency and (apparently) commits suicide. His death is the last straw that breaks the writer's emotional hump, and we leave him determined to work for a better social system. This kind of plot often leads young writers to utter disaster, and it is to Mr. Lehmann's credit that he succeeds in being pleasant if not outstanding, and readable if not stimulating. At his best he can give expression to the finest subtleties of feelings, then he falls to the flatly pedestrian:

> He spent the morning at the picture gallery for the hundredth time looking at the Breughels he loved so much, trying to let himself be focussed into concentration by them, but with no results. He then went for a long walk round by the Belvedere Palace, passing down through the precise hedges, etc., etc. . . .

Sometimes too, there is notable straining after effect. But these are minor blemishes on a style that is smooth, clear and controlled. The virtue of *Evil Was Abroad* is its refinement of perception. The slow development of social sense in the principal character, the gradual breaking down of his priggish shyness when confronted with another class, are suggested rather than stated, and without the aid of much extraneous incident we are shown a subtle but decisive change in his psychological make up. This may in part be due to the length of time (five years) over which the book was written, but whatever the cause it has given a certain distinction to an otherwise immature novel. In my opinion, Mr. Lehmann will never, as he seems to wish, be a political novelist; his *métier* is the half-tone of idea and feeling rather than the crimson battle-pieces of social struggle. In intention his book is the story of awakening Socialism, in practice it is a very promising study in escapist psychology. And none the worse for it.

Eater of Women is the latest work by the well-known author of *Hell's Broth Militia*, *Hell-Hounds of France*, and, in collaboration with Patrolman Craven, *Hell Riders*; and in every way he maintains his reputation. "This is the story," say the publishers, "of the Legion of Guides. These are composed of native levies, tough wallahs chosen for their bravery and daring, for skill and endurance, for their loyalty to the British raj, and they are commanded by a handful of hard-bitten adventure-loving sahibs." And oh! are those wallahs tough! The Fakir of Ipi, who plays a prominent part in the story, soon found that he had hard-bitten off more than he could chew, and even Anusha, the beautiful spy, with her "shining helmet of jet-black hair, the bisque bloom of her skin, that startling dark blood wound of her mouth so like a crushed mulberry" was no match for Digger Craven (the Patrolman's brother?) and the fierce wallahs who followed him. This is not a book for the squeamish; "the sights and the sounds sickened one" confesses Digger on one occasion, "Things lay in the gutters that must have nauseated the Marquis de Sade himself." And, one might add, seriously have perturbed Herr von Sacher-Masoch. After the fusty moderation of so much recent historical writing Mr. Blackledge's honest forthrightness is very endearing. "He might be the Lord of Islam, the chosen of Allah," he remarks of the Fakir, "These wallahs are always cropping up. He was just a pain in the neck to me"; and if the Fakir was a pain in the neck, Digger was a parting sock on the side of the jaw to almost every Wazir wallah he encountered. I should like to discuss Digger's exploits at considerable length, but I fear he would strongly disapprove. "You don't have to chin wag to convey your innermost feelings. I've always thought there was too much chatter in the world. If we allowed our actions, our feelings, to speak for us a little more . . . what a marvellous place this old world would be!" So I will say no more about this marvellous old book; I'll just let my actions speak for me. JOHN MAIR

THE MYTH OF THE BUSINESS MAN

Top Sawyer: A Biography of David Davies. By IVOR THOMAS. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

History of the Business Man. By MIRIAM BEARD. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

I often wonder whether the economists have not destroyed our powers of observation. Most of us are so much obsessed by statistics, that, even when we do study human behaviour, our economic assumptions blind us to the irrational behaviour of everyday people. Unconsciously we accept the postulates of economic theory as an account of how people *really* behave, despite all the evidence to the contrary. The capitalist, the rentier, the petit-bourgeoisie and the proletariat have become standard types or species under which humanity is automatically classified; and those mythical characters, which the economists originally created, remain fixed in the public mind long after the economists have discarded the theories on which they were based. We still think of the capitalist and the worker in terms of utilitarian economic theory, although no one accepts that theory as a true account of modern capitalism. Or consider the paradox which Veblen pointed out long ago. Having invented a myth called "the standard of living," we assume that everybody wants to live up to it. When they don't, we call in the sanitary inspector or the Commissioners in Lunacy. If the confounded worker won't conform to our description of his wishes, he must be made to do so.

Tom Harrisson will no doubt have a lot to tell us about the real Boltonians when his social survey is finished. But real business men are just as fascinating and surprising people, no more like the mythical capitalist than the worker is like the mythical proletarian. The capitalist myth grew up in the very brief period of Victorian expansion. For about thirty years in this country the *entrepreneur* owned and controlled his own business, banked at local banks, detested State interference, made fortunes and lost them by "private enterprise." In fact, he behaved as capitalists should behave, though they never did behave in this way except in the Victorian epoch. Ever since then, though the character of business and the social environment of the business man has entirely changed, the myth has remained unaltered. Champions and opponents of monopoly capitalism continue to praise and denounce private enterprise and to treat the business man as though he were still the bold bad buccaneer of the Victorian era.

Mr. Ivor Thomas has had the good fortune to write the life of a business man who really fitted the myth. David Davies, railway contractor and promoter of the Ocean Collieries, was that rarest of things—an adventurous capitalist, and not all the reticence of an official biographer can conceal either his virtues or his vices. Son of a peasant farmer, and the eldest of nine, he was born in 1818 and went to school in the gallery of the parish church. From the age of eleven till he was thirty he worked on the land, making a little extra money through his skill as a sawyer. By saving every penny, the family gradually advanced itself and soon after his father's death in 1846, Davies was farming a good-sized estate. One day he was noticed by the surveyor for Montgomeryshire repairing a farm road; and a small council contract started his new career. With no mathematical training but an intuitive power of calculating tenders, Davies was soon making money fast, and the railway boom of the 'fifties gave him his chance. In 1855 he secured the contract for the first part of the Llandiloes and Newtown railway, and he was building railways for the next fifteen years.

Mr. Thomas describes this period well. The chaotic energy of industrialism was throwing up railways higgledy-piggledy. The companies worked in reckless competition, while every town was determined to have its station (and share in the millenium) regardless of expense or planning. Davies worked for minor companies and, when they went broke, often completed the job out of his own pocket in return for preference shares. The farmer-contractor was becoming a capitalist. But he still retained his old ways, leading his men personally in any heavy physical work, downing tools to join the hunt when it happened to come past, and erecting a hut for his men to worship in on lonely parts of the line. Moreover he found most of his capital out of his own savings, despising the new-fangled joint stock companies and the mysteries of finance. His purpose in life was as single-

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minded as his religion. He expressed it bluntly at the opening of the Tenby Railway:

> My partner and I have received many compliments for what we have done, and we have so far deserved them. But I wish the company to know that my partner and I went into the matter as a pure speculation for the sake of profit—whereas the gentlemen of the directorate have done what they have done for no motive save the good of the district. So all honour was due to them, and I can assure you that so long as my partner and I go away with our pockets full of money, we are quite willing to leave the honour in the hands of the directors.

Here is the capitalist of our dreams. For profit (and proud of it) he risks everything in bringing progress to his native land. For he is confident (as only a Calvinist can be) that his self-interest will redound to the good of all, and that money-making is the grandest service man can give to his Redeemer.

Jump to 1886. Our railway contractor has forgotten railways; for an initial cost of £60,000 he has sunk three of the richest mines in the Rhondda and sits as Liberal M.P. for Cardiganshire. The master has left his men and become a business man, chairman of companies and member of endless committees. In twenty years, not only David Davies but the pattern of Britain has changed. The era of emancipation and adventure has ended. The old financial control asserts itself in new and vaster forms, and the State interferes in economic life in new ways but with the same authority which the old Liberals had so brilliantly denounced. The eruption is over, the social strata are once more hardening and contract is yielding to status in the modern servile state.

David Davies was not at home in this new world. His Liberalism could contribute nothing in a Parliament already destroying *laissez-faire*: his passion was for private enterprise (in the literal sense of those words) and he could not find the same satisfaction in subtle negotiations for Barry Dock which he had once felt when, still wearing his top hat, he had shown his men how to hack the deepest cutting in all Wales. Throughout his later life, he was always trying to feel that things were still the same, that he was a working man and that others could do as he had done. Speaking to the Rhondda miners, he said:

> Well, we (the Directors of the Ocean) are all very proper specimens of capital, and I am happy to say that you people from the Rhondda Valley are very good specimens of labour. So good that the world cannot produce better. Now, let us examine ourselves. First of all, here are the employers of labour—you know we're obliged to change our words now so as not to offend you. We used to be called the masters, but we have dropped that and we call ourselves employers, and you the employed. I am not offended at that because I am on your side. You know we are called Capital and Labour. Here we are, all in our best clothes; and there is no great difference between us after all. It would take you all your time to find it out unless you knew our voices. And I'll tell you this much, that we form a combination of the very best sort. We come here to-day as a joint-stock company, representatives of Capital and Labour, and here we are very strong.

Already the myth of business enterprise was being developed by one who had lived through the brief epoch when capitalists ran true to form. Dreaming of his past, David Davies, like so many others, persuaded himself that it was still there.

Mrs. Beard's book tells the same story on a grander scale. She shows that the business man, under monopoly capitalism, has simply returned to his traditional position of subordination to the State. He twists government whenever he can, but usually does not try to control it because he does not want responsibility or understand government. With his deference to tradition and lack of political self-confidence, he is not a leader of men like the great landowner or the army officer; on the contrary, he is a timid, short-sighted and panicky politician.

Viewed in the perspective of world history, the Victorian age is the one period when the business man was a law unto himself, flouted the old order and took politics under his control. For thirty years the capitalist really did mould society into his image, and create the anarchy and misery of free competition. But when the transition was over and reconstruction was needed, traditional political forces again took control. The business man once more became the subject of the State-machine, powerful and refractory in the demoplutocracies, weak and refractory in the new Fascist States which his political stupidity created as a bulwark against Communism.

Mrs. Beard paints in crude colours. Sometimes (as in the case of Ancient Greece) she paints the wrong picture, but the picture is always worth looking at. If I got more out of Mr. Thomas's delicate line drawing, that is simply because I prefer a portrait to a panorama.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

FALL OF A DICTATOR

The Memoirs of Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, Master of The Horse. Volume II, 1814. *Cassell.* 21s.

The second volume of Caulaincourt's Memoirs deals with the events leading to and including Napoleon's first abdication, up to the moment when he departed for Elba.

The theme of this book is the fatality which, in spite of the strength of his armies, in spite of the fear he inspired, in spite of the many warnings he received, led Napoleon to inevitable disaster. Marx is supposed, at the end of his life, to have ironically remarked that he was not a Marxist, but Napoleon could never have said that he was not a Bonapartist, nor even that he had ceased to be the Man of Destiny. He went on believing in his Legend long after the whole of Europe, organised against him, had woken up to the realisation that he was a human being, long after the followers whose fortunes he had made had either deserted him, or like Caulaincourt, were desperately trying to save him from the course of his own self-destruction.

These pages thunder with Napoleon's diatribes against the mistakes of his followers, or with wild exclamations of regret—given four hours more, I could have saved Paris—if only I had an army—if the Parisians, like the Burgundians, revolted—if only Brabant had not deserted!—etc. Meanwhile the faithful Foreign Minister, Caulaincourt, sorrowfully records all the disastrous effects of the dreadful lag in Napoleon's perception of what was so obvious to everyone else, his real situation. There certainly were reasons for regret, but they were all Napoleon's own fault; if only he had pitched his terms lower at Prague and then at Chatillon, if only he had consented to abdicate sooner, if only, if he was prepared to attack Paris, he had resolved to do so before the desertion of Brabant and his men—these were all first-class blunders. Above all, if only he had taken the advice of some of those around him, the courage of men like Ney and Brabant would not have been strained to the point of betrayal, and the fidelity of others would not have been wasted and turned into their folly.

In this stormy and clouded night of imperial disaster, there is always the sense of a star which may be revealed at any moment by a rent in the sky—Napoleon's star, his wonderful Luck! Again and again he invokes this treacherous talisman. Caulaincourt records (in a passage quoted in the Appendix) that even after Waterloo, when his army was totally destroyed and he had fled to Paris, Napoleon, lying on a sofa and gasping for breath, behaved so that "his whole manner of conversation was that of a general eager to snatch a victory." The part of his temperament which never ceases to astonish the steadfast and realistic plenipotentiary are Napoleon's sudden transitions from reality to unfounded optimism.

No Foreign Minister can ever have had a more heartbreaking task than Caulaincourt's at Chatillon. Knowing the Allies' demands, he was yet kept by Napoleon without the power to act while it was still possible to meet them. His despatches to Napoleon on the true situation were left unread; Napoleon's own letters were as tactless as Goering's speeches, and his pacific intentions were about as genuine and as frankly expressed in their duplicity as those in *Mein Kampf*. His policy was, like Hitler's, to keep the negotiations going until his luck turned, and then to renounce them. Knowing that the position was disastrous, Caulaincourt came to dread Napoleon's victories, with their train of delusions, even more than those of the Allies. He patiently occupied himself with melancholy missions to the sovereigns assembled in Paris, all of whom sympathised with him, but none of whom would budge an inch. One of the most interesting parts of this book is the portrait it gives of the Tsar, who remains for me a character that historians are never able to dispose of adequately.

The English were occupied with their traditional policy: "The British and Austrian Ministers were holding aloof . . . Lord Castlereagh, representative of the Prince Regent at the Council of Sovereigns, to avoid, in respect of his Government, the actual responsibility for events and for the steps that were being taken."

The most moving part of this book is the revelation of Caulaincourt's own character, as profound and dignified as a character in the *Chartreuse de Parme*. At one moment he reveals his true feelings when he is describing Napoleon's joy on receiving a letter from Louise:

> She had put new heart into the Emperor, she had brought him to life again—wherefore I longed to see her, and to thank her on

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my own behalf for being so kind to us. That *us* is pardonable, I hope; for my feelings at that instant overleapt all bounds of rank and mere propriety.

But the true character of the book is its complete honesty and lack of illusion. Caulaincourt is a passionate partisan; he has a real and unwavering love for Napoleon. Yet he is completely without illusions either as to the Emperor's character or intentions. He sees every blunder his master makes and tries to correct it; his book is a melancholy example of a black forecast proving correct; yet he regards the giving of his advice simply as his job, and the fact that he happens to be always right and Napoleon always wrong does not alter his devotion. This devotion makes him argue that the Allies treated Napoleon badly, but on the last page of his book he states as the truth what was their whole case against him: "The desire to increase France's renown and prosperity came ever into conflict with his best intentions and most peaceful resolves, and he was forever hoping to escape the necessity of subscribing to a peace that ran counter to his lifelong dreams." "Where peace was concerned, the Emperor's fairest promises meant nothing." On his side, Napoleon did not care for Caulaincourt; but at the end, he was occasionally obliged to admit "Caulaincourt est un homme d'honneur."

STEPHEN SPENDER

THE JOLLY FARMER

A Sussex Farmer. By WILLIAM WOOD. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Yeoman farming was the last stronghold to succumb to the Industrial Revolution, and this autobiography might well have been written by a contemporary of Jane Austen, for though it describes a much later period, farming stood still until the beginning of the century. Modern farming in this country is not a very encouraging business, when the overheads and production costs of crop growing, on our relatively small holdings, can never be consistently covered by selling prices, and any amount of subsidising will not put it on an economic basis. Thus one is apt to forget that farming within living memory was both prosperous and unsubsidised, and this book brings back a past when farming paid and the farms themselves were almost self-supporting. Two-thirds of the book are not only very good, but differing from those of a similar nature; the author is original and sincere, and he is writing on his own subject. The other third does its best to spoil it.

Farmer Wood is eighty-three years old, and his grandfather was a friend of Cobbett; his family have farmed in the Weald of Sussex since 1540. Here then is the material for a picture of farming not only during the last century, but as it has been since the Armada, whence dates the pewter used by the labourers at his uncle's table. When he was a boy, he lived with his uncle on a large farm where, characteristically, the brunt of the work fell to the lot of his aunt and her serving maids. She made the rush candle-lights, cured the bacon in the huge kitchen fire, brewed the beer for the men, washed the laundry and kept the dairy; once a week came baking day, and, in the autumn, the home-made wines were prepared. The farmer himself, in terms of actual manual labour, did no work at all; he looked after his farm, and controlled his labour, he went to the market and the fairs, and knew the value of what he had to sell, but there was no necessity to work when it could be done for him at 2*s.* a day. He could not afford to work, it was a waste of time. But though he paid the labourers only 8*s.* a week, to enable them to live, he was contributing 8*s.* a week to the rates, paid to them after church on Sunday mornings, by the Poor Law officer. His grandfather, besides farming, was a parish officer, and surveyor of the main roads, in which latter capacity he met Cobbett. He is depicted as an enlightened gentleman, though when the Bishop of Chichester called attention to an epidemic of scarlet fever then raging in the parish, and urged the immediate consideration of a system of drainage for the village, the clerk was instructed to reply that the Parish officers were quite capable of managing their own affairs without the assistance of His Lordship or anyone else.

The author has searched in his own memory, among the parish records, and his father's account books, to re-create life on the land during the last century, and, more important, the effect of industrialisation, putting down with an impressive simplicity, everything good, bad, and indifferent, interlarded with tales of shooting parties, market days, practical jokes, and Parthian shots à la Sydney Smith.

So far excellent, but Farmer Wood must needs burn his fingers in economics, and bring in a chapter on "Agriculture—As it ought to Be." He writes with authority, for he was chairman of the East Sussex Branch of the National Farmers Union for eighteen years; but his plans for the revitalising and resubsidising of farming depend on import restrictions, though he later contradicts this by saying that cheap feeding-stuffs should be secured at the lowest possible cost, and that there should be no interference with their inflow from abroad of any sort or kind either by duty or quantitative control: "let us have the cheapest market in the world for all feeding-stuffs, including of course all cereals." Then there are inaccurate and obscure statements, for instance: "Denmark sends us tremendous and increasing quantities of butter and bacon; they do not appear at all nervous about losing that trade because their imports from us are comparatively trifling, and decreasing." Our exports to Denmark are very considerable and are larger now than they have been for the last three years; again, he wants a subsidy on wheat by acreage and average price for the whole country, which would mean that marginal unsuitable land would be cultivated. The subsidy in his opinion should not only guarantee to cover losses, but also *guarantee* a net profit. Another chapter on various war committees is too factual for the secular reader. That the standard farm equipment should be raised is an obvious necessity, as also that greens and market gardening should be further developed, but it is a great pity that this last chapter is not forgone. This is not a stylist's book but one whose appeal is direct and sincere.

RAYMOND ALDERSON

MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN

British Social Life in India. By DENNIS KINCAID. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

There is no reason to suppose that the Roman in Britain was any different from his cousin in Italy, while the conquering Norman soon became indistinguishable from his new subjects. The English in India avoided the commonplace alternatives of absorbing or being absorbed, and created instead a hybrid, hot-house, hotchpotch civilisation that stands out as a supreme example of the British genius for compromise. One had always thought that a culture capable of producing such words as hugger-mugger and hobson-jobson deserved chroniclers more understanding than the rather uninspiring galaxy of the *Canbridge History;* and now Mr. Kincaid, with the aid of a great number of contemporary diarists, has given us a witty, learned, wholly delightful commentary on the more fantastic side of British life in India.

The climate of Anglo-Indian life in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries seems to have been one of violent and irresponsible eccentricity. The Generals and Company Presidents, with their Mogul trousers and drunken frolics, are more than a little reminiscent of University Fellows during the same period, with the additional advantages of a vast amount of money and a wholly uncritical subject population. The officers of the Company, with their ivory-inlaid carriages, escorts of cavalry, noble white oxen, "each Point tipped with Brass, whence came Brass Chains across to the Headstall which is all of Scarlet, their flapping Ears snipped with Art," and their trumpeters running before them, lived in far greater splendour than many a home-grown Duke. Money was so plentiful that pit seats in the theatre cost a pound sterling, and even quite minor factors might have a hundred servants and a personal bodyguard. Of course there were drawbacks with all this extravagance. Diseases of every kind were rife, and many a potential nabob fell victim to scurvy or cholera, or, like Rose Aylmer, perished from "indulging too much with that mischievous and dangerous fruit, the pineapple." Medicine was nearly as dangerous as sickness, and at one time the treatment for all fevers was to

> take an iron ring about an inch and a half in diameter and thick in proportion. Then, heating it red hot in the fire, extend the patient on his back and apply the ring to his navel, in such a manner that the navel may be as a centre to the ring. As soon as the patient feels the heat take away the ring as quick as possible, when a sudden revolution will be wrought in his intestines.

According to Mr. Kincaid, there was very little racial prejudice until the middle of the nineteenth century, though few went so far as the party of Portuguese soldiers who "sat through a service in the Hindu temple of Kali, the Black Goddess, under the impression that it was the shrine of a local black Madonna." By Victorian times, however, tolerance was as outmoded as viceregal debauchery, and the versifying Governor who could publicly embrace a Persian fellow-poet was succeeded by men who banned Macaulay as revolutionary, and women who exclaimed "Oh!

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OCTOBER CONTENTS

HENRY WOOD
by R. Vaughan Williams, O.M.

The jubilee of Sir Henry Wood (on October 5th) is the occasion for an appreciation of the life and work of the great conductor by the composer, Dr. Vaughan Williams, who has known Sir Henry throughout his career.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney
A long short story

New work by this distinguished novelist is rare nowadays. "Shell of a Lady" in this number represents Mrs. Dudeney at her best.

The Cinema in Russia

The author of this article, Mr. Herbert Marshall, is a graduate of the Higher Academy of Cinema, Moscow, and has spent the last five years in the U.S.S.R. making an intensive study of Russian film work.

Olaf Stapledon

The author of "Last and First Man," etc., writes on "Science, Art and Society."

JAMES HANLEY

"People are Curious"—a short story.

POEMS

Jan Struther — Lord Dunsany
W. M. Blows — Lilian Bowes-Lyon

NEW PORTRAITS of DR. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (by "Sava") and of Mr. Charles Morgan (by Theodore Brenson) and other photogravure plates.

REVIEWS by H. W. Nevinson, Edward Blunden, Hugh I'A. Fausset, R. C. K. Ensor, C. E. M. Joad, Edward Sackville-West, Colonel F. M. Bailey, J. M. Hone, Stephen Potter, Arnold Palmer, Richard Church, Charles Davy, Edith Shackleton, Michael Roberts, etc.

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they are queer kittle-kattle, these natives, their depth past finding out . . . they are proud of their lies, and the innate goodness of the European is not understood by them." The siege of Lucknow provided a curious comment on this innate goodness, for while the private soldier subsisted on rotten bread and brackish water, the officers and their families were "living on the good things of the land and were drinking champagne and Moselle, which were stored up in such profusion that there were cart-loads remaining when the garrison marched out." The Mutiny marked the end of the old order; by the close of the century the glory was departing. Gargantuan drinking bouts, such as that after which Mr. Blunt, the chaplain,

> got abominably drunk and in that disgraceful condition exposed himself to both soldiers and sailors, running out stark naked into the midst of them, talking all sort of bawdry and ribaldry, and singing scraps of the most blackguard and indecent songs, so as to render himself a common laughing stock,

gave way to gossipy dinners and Poona flannel dances: and although such spirits as Lord Baden Powell brought an almost Regency jollity into regimental rags ("a fellow seldom gets ragged without having given some cause for it; either he is dirty and wants washing, or he has got some characteristic which needs toning down"), throwing the dirtier officers out of windows or on to piles of furniture, the good old days were clearly gone for ever. The Suez Canal and, later, the aeroplane made Calcutta an English suburb; Anglo-India, shorn of its splendours, has become almost provincial. *British Social Life in India* is talented, highly amusing and a little incomplete. Mr. Kincaid, one regrets to learn, died just before his book was finished and, perhaps for that reason, failed to make sufficiently clear the pattern he probably intended. The British occupation of India falls into three periods—those of trade, conquest, and rentier exploitation. The first two stages produced their intense and peculiar social vitalities; the third is apparently sterile. But whether or not the author meant to draw any general conclusions from his material, he has written a fascinating book and presented both social theorist and historical jackdaw with a body of most entertaining anecdote.

MODERN HISTORY

The Modern Historian. By C. H. WILLIAMS. *Nelson.* 7s. 6d.
Aspects of History. By E. E. KELLETT. *Cape.* 5s.

Here is a good example of the uses to which an anthology can be put. Professor Williams might have written a 7s. 6d. book on the history of modern history or on the tendencies of modern historians or on history as a science or history as an art. He has in fact done all these things and something more, not by writing the book himself, but by compiling with great skill an anthology of passages from the works of the historians themselves and introducing them in a short essay of 20 pages in which he indicates the object of his selection. His object is to explain what the attitude of the modern historian is to history, to the facts, the truth, and his public. He does this by dividing his anthology into five sections. In the first, we listen to the historians, from Acton to Mr. Guedalla, Mr. Temperley, and Mr. Fisher, describing what they take to be the nature of history. The second section is not very different from the first except that it takes the essentially "modern" view of the "widening scope of history." The third section is very interesting, for Professor Williams here presents us with some cunningly chosen extracts in which we can actually observe the modern historian at work. In the next we are given a selection of historians' appreciations of historians, and in the last Mr. G. N. Clark discusses the function of the historical reviewer.

The adjective in the book's title is a little vague, for it is not clear to which of the historians it applies. Sometimes it appears as though Professor Williams means by a modern historian a historian of the 20th as opposed to the 19th century; at other times he seems to include all the historians dealt with in the book from Acton to Mr. Guedalla. The line between Acton and Mr. Guedalla no doubt changes, and one of the admirable things about this anthology is that it enables one to follow and study those changes, but it is difficult to put one's finger upon any particular point in the line and say: Here is the break between ancient and modern. The book is naturally much occupied with the controversy between those who have held that history is a science and those who have held that it is an art, or at least something more than a science. That controversy belonged to and was highly characteristic of the 19th century, and Professor Williams, no doubt correctly, maintains in his introduction that "one of the most encouraging features of present-day historical study is the fact that the old controversies no longer appeal to historians." Nevertheless it is not without significance that later on we find an extract from Professor Stenton dated 1932, in which it is stated that the feudal geography of England is a new science, immediately followed by one from Professor Toynbee, dated 1934, in which Mr. Wells is defended against the professional historian and welcomed as possibly the precursor of modern history.

The futility of the old controversies about the nature of history which racked the historians of the 19th century and the echoes of which still rumble in our academies was due, in so far as the controversies were futile, largely to muddle-headedness. The most usual and convenient meaning attached to the word history is that it is an attempt to ascertain the truth about past events in the life of men in communities and to present them to the reader so that he can understand their sequence and interconnection. It may be possible to establish certain very broad generalisations as to the right or wrong methods of ascertaining historical truth, but it is futile to dogmatise as to the right or wrong method of presentation, as to the interpretation of causation in any sequence of events, or as to the relative "importance" of this kind of sequence or that. Historical controversialists have too often confused these different and distinct functions of the historian. Clio's embrace is so extensive that she can usefully include the industrious and myopic historical mole as well as Professor Trevelyan. To insist that Professor Trevelyan ought to write the same kind of history as Professor Bury is like telling a bootmaker who has made a lady's slipper that he ought to have made a hobnailed boot and that a bootmaker who does not make hobnailed boots is not a bootmaker. To say that Mr. Wells is not an historian because his work cannot be included in the narrow circle of Professors X, Y, and Z's activities is the equivalent of saying that a general practitioner is not a doctor because he is not a heart specialist. The fields in which a heart specialist and a psychoanalyst work are entirely different, and the methods used by them are entirely different, but that does not prevent them from both being medical scientists practising the art of medicine. The chief lesson of this book shows that historians should welcome the same catholicity among those who profess the science and practise the art of history.

The same lesson can be learnt from Mr. Kellett's little book, though it covers a much wider field than Professor Williams'. Mr. Kellett, in dealing with the various kinds of history and historians, does not limit himself either in time or space. He ranges from Pentaur, who appears to have been writing history over 3,000 years ago in Egypt, to the "modern" historians who occupy Professor Williams' pages. Mr. Kellett is a writer whose merits have never been adequately appreciated. His manner is so quiet that readers whose ears are accustomed to the drum beating and trumpet blowing which is usually considered necessary to keep them awake often fail to observe his originality and perspicacity, the acidity of his humour which combines with his humanism like the astringent sweetness of a Cox's Orange Pippin. In this book he deals not only with history as a science or an art, but also with historians who have used it for other purposes. Theology, literature, propaganda, politics, ethics, and economics have all claimed history as their interpreter or their servant. It is a curious and perhaps significant fact, considering what the material of history is, that psychology is not included in the list.

LEONARD WOOLF

MUSIC FOR THE DEAF

A Source Book of Gestalt Psychology. Edited by PROFESSOR W. D. ELLIS. *Kegan Paul.* 21s.

The teleological approach to human, animal, and material phenomena has had great power over the human mind. Its provable falsity produced amongst scientists a reaction rather than a philosophy. First the Cartesian dualism was adopted by them for the sake of convenience, and then in the nineteenth century those basic hypotheses which Descartes owed to religion and attributed to intuition were thrown over that analysis and empiricism might have no limits. Idealism in science has had a bad time for the last hundred years, and during that time psychology has arrived. Pavlov endorsed Descartes' decision that the animal is a machine, and the Behaviourists completed the

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syllogism by pronouncing that man also is an animal and basically the same kind of machine. In Moscow during the early part of the revolution psychology was renamed reflexology because the psyche was an exploded idealistic hypothesis. To the delight of idealists and the religious the psyche came back disguised as the ego. Physiologists failed to equate the mind with the brain, and the experiments of the school of Watson proved little or nothing. Descartes had taken the deductive technique of classical geometry as his ideal in all scientific method. The arrival of the Gestalt psychologists meant that the analysis of an unknown whole into knowable parts was challenged on experimental grounds. The possibility that a whole might be more than equal to the sum of its parts was revolutionary, or at least it was revolutionary that it should come from scientists who would formerly have dismissed it as obviously absurd with all the unconcern of Euclid. If thorough analysis of a living organism, or of the perception of an organism by mind, could be proved to leave something significant unexplained, then the certainty of Science was shaken. Gestalt was received by idealists with an enthusiasm almost as suspect as that which greeted Sir James Jeans when he admitted that he was surprised by the universe.

But *Gestaltheorie* has been accused of being nearly all *theorie*. *A Source Book of Gestalt Psychology* answers that charge. Professor Ellis summarised and translated from the German some thirty-two articles and one book published between 1915 and 1929. The experimental evidence and deductions from it on which the Gestalt theory is based is here between two covers lucid and accessible. Together with the works of Kohler, Koffka and Hartmann already available in English, this book provides a full survey of the work of the Gestalt school. As might be expected, the investigations of Wertheimer, Fuchs, Gottscheldt and others into perception take up the major part of the book. Lindemann and Hartmann on the Gamma movement will be of especial interest to the physiologist, and the laboratory work of Gelb on Colour Constancy and v. Hornbostel on the Unity of the Senses should shake the preconceived ideas of the ordinary reader about the consistency and mechanism of his perceptions. "For the deaf there is no music. The obvious must always be suspect; we should question it—at least a little, tentatively—asking, Why is it so?"

But Gestalt psychology does not rest wholly on the optical illusion, the confusion of the "Senses," and the apparent capacity of the mind for perceiving and remembering simplified creations rather than summated discrete parts. The work of Kohler on apes and of Herz on ravens, jays and bees provide a body of evidence comparable with that of Pavlov on dogs. They show that if animals are machines they can be astonishingly unmechanical

This book contains detailed attacks on the orthodox psycho-physiological theory of neural pathways and of the functional organisation of the cerebral cortex. It presents new theories of will, of remembering and of attention. It includes re-interpretations of the process of the syllogism and of the numerical concepts found by anthropologists amongst primitive peoples. *Gestalt* psychology has flung a handful of question marks into the theoretical systems of half-a-dozen sciences; and the answers provided are not completely convincing. This volume differs from the stock popularisations of Gestalt psychology in that "insight" is not offered as a magically explanatory concept. The scientists anthologised by Professor Ellis have merely postulated an unknown factor—whether it is to be called insight, the mind, or the Holy Spirit does not bother them. They are busy in the laboratory.

FREDERICK LAWS

TWO OLD MASTERS

Palestrina. By HENRY COATES. **Berlioz.** By J. H. ELLIOT. Master Musicians' Series. *Dent.* 4*s.* 6*d. each.*

Of these two additions to the excellent "Master Musicians'" series, the *Palestrina* is the better book. It contains in the first eighty pages a concise but sufficient account of the life of the great Italian master based on modern researches by Italian scholars such as Casimiri and Cametti. Palestrina's birth is surmised to have been in the year 1524 or, possibly, 1525, and he died on February 2nd, 1594. His career extends, therefore, over the greater part of the sixteenth century, of which he and Orlande de Lassus (1530–1594) may be considered to be the chief musical representatives. Both these composers belong to the generation before Monteverde, and their compositions were exclusively choral and vocal. The second part of Mr. Coates's book is devoted to a description, with many musical illustrations, of a number of Palestrina's principal works which are now available in the monumental edition published by Breitkopf and Härtel between 1862 and 1907.

Mr. Elliot's book, which begins with a short useful summary of French history during Berlioz's lifetime, is marred by those superficial generalisations which are the bane of biographies written nowadays. For example, he opens his second chapter with the remark:

> The brilliant pageant of contemporary history made little conscious impression on Hector Berlioz. His political outlook was naive and casual: he witnessed events at second-hand, through the mirror of artistic affairs. His scale of values was centred in that mirror.

Mr. Elliot cannot have given the most casual study to his subject without having come across testimony to the power of Berlioz's mind. Even the encyclopædist, Fétis, who was by no means an enthusiastic admirer of all Berlioz's music, speaks of Berlioz's conversation and records that he was a man of great general intellectual force quite apart from his musical genius. Yet, because Berlioz's political attitude does not please Mr. Elliot, he dismisses it as "naive and casual," as if a man like Berlioz had not thought as long and profoundly about these matters as Mr. Elliot or any of us!

Against such superficialities it is pleasant to record Mr. Elliot's intelligent appreciation of *Lélio*, a work completely unknown to-day; finally, however, he disappoints me with his inability to appreciate at its true value *Béatrice et Bénédict*. The comic and grotesque vein in this work, so characteristic of Berlioz, seems to irritate him, as it also does where it occurs in Berlioz's other works. Humour has no doubt a less universal appeal than any other human quality, so allowance must always be made for those to whom Berlioz's very individual mixture of the grotesque and the comic means nothing. But what about the extraordinary and exquisite rhythmic subtlety of *Béatrice et Bénédict?* I am surprised that Mr. Elliot seems deaf to this. I should doubt if there were any opera in existence which could rival *Béatrice et Bénédict* in this respect. Then Mr. Elliot seems to think the spoken dialogue ineffective. This makes me wonder if he has ever heard a performance of this opera! I have. It contains the essence of *Much Ado About Nothing* together with a great deal of Berlioz at his best. The mixture of music and dialogue (which happens to be the traditional French form of comic opera) is most successful.

W. J. TURNER

Sam: The Story of a Cat. Photographs by EDWARD QUIGLEY. Described by JOHN CRAWFORD. *Dent.* 5*s.*

Sam is a tabby, such as one sees every day on doorsteps, alert, whiskered, white-fronted, and this book shows him growing up. Mr. Quigley's forty-five page photographs are delicious. His method has been to follow Sam round until he is doing something—licking his paw at the window or arching himself against canine approach—and then to snapshot him. All the photographs are close-ups and as full of action and character as any animal photographs we have seen. Whereas for most photographers and painters the cat has only two moods, playful or drowsily sentimental, Mr. Quigley has discovered a dozen shades of mood in Sam. Sam prowls through the grass, narrows his eyes at the light, crouches on a parapet overhanging the street, scratches his ear with a rigid hind leg, pats at a rubber mouse, stalks a dragon-fly behind the curtain; and on each occasion he shows himself more like a cat, and less like the usual photograph of one, than anybody who has not seen this book could imagine. Sam is a nimble, demure, curious, and at moments lovely creature, who looks round him with wary and astonished eyes. In Mr. Quigley he has found his perfect biographer. The text, closely following the photographs, is perhaps hardly necessary; but it provides a page to read between pictures, and Mr. Crawford writes anecdotally and with an agreeable attention to detail. There's not much about Sam that we don't know at the end of this short book. It would make a perfect present for anyone, of whatever age, who likes cats.

An Outline of Psychology. By H. LYSTER JAMESON. *N.C.L.C. Publishing Society.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

This outline was originally published in 1921 as "Plebs" Outline No. 1. It has passed through eight editions and this, the ninth, revised and brought up to date by Eden and Cedar Paul and Edward Conze, was published in the spring of this year. Behaviourism is the appropriate psychology for Marxism. The book is avowedly written within the framework of the materialist conception of history and is, therefore, in effect a study in Behaviourism. Thus the subject matter of psychology is stated to be the study of the ways in which man reacts to his environment, its object to enable members of the working class to adapt themselves to economic changes and to concentrate their efforts "into those channels which will lead to results beneficial to our class."

Psychology so conceived falls into two categories. There is, first, the study of the mechanism of the body. There is, secondly, the study of the tendencies to actions which the mechanism of the body, placed in a certain environment, performs in response to the stimulus of that environment. The sum total of these tendencies constitutes what is called "human nature." These fundamental conceptions determine the nature of the contents of the book. Nearly half is devoted to a description of the workings of the body, with particular reference to the nervous system and the brain. The remainder is mainly divided between a study of the unconscious and an account of what is usually called Social Psychology, in which the nature of class consciousness, its development, the psychology of leadership, the psychology of propaganda, and the suggestibility (spelt suggestability) of the masses, receive special attention. Two broad conclusions are reached. The first is determinist. As in the world of matter, so in the world of thought, everything has a cause which completely determines it; the second is the importance of the unconscious as the determiner of action. Man is not at bottom rational, but civilised man has a tendency to invent reasons to justify the actions which his environment stimulates and the beliefs which satisfy his instinctive drives. Thus most reasoning is rationalisation. Within the limitations of its fundamental hypotheses the book is clear and cogent; but the limitations are very obvious. To mention only one, the author states at the beginning of the book that "few people (and these only in limited fields of thought) are capable of unbiased reason." What, one wants to know, is unbiased reason? Presumably it is reasoning whose course and conclusions are determined only by impartial consideration of the facts. But if it is so determined, it is not determined by events taking place in the body. Again, if it is so determined, it is not determined by the unconscious instinct and emotional drives which it rationalises. It is difficult to avoid asking the question whether the author of this book would consider that his treatment of psychology is itself the product of unbiased reason, or is the determined result of events taking place either (*a*) in his brain and nervous system, or (*b*) in his unconscious self. To answer that it is the former is to repudiate the view of determinism urged in the book itself. To answer that it is the latter, whether in form (*a*) or in form (*b*), is to suggest the query, "Why, then, should the author expect us to study it?"

"Kingfisher" Abroad. By T. and T. RISING. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

T. and T. Rising, who are a somewhat self-consciously conjugal couple, paddled a canoe down the Moselle to Coblenz; and down the Danube to Vienna and Budapest. They have no expert knowledge of the countries they travelled through, indeed they could not speak German or Hungarian, and their reactions, though genuine, are not unexpected, nor very different from those of travellers by land. They were seduced by Bavaria and Budapest on approved lines, Austrian Baroque they found rather vulgar, the Bavarians friendly, the Hungarians gay. But their book is so ingenuously free from pretensions, either of style or matter, that it achieves a certain frail charm. This is most apparent in the descriptions of the canoeing stations and of the people they met in them. "*Kingfisher*" *Abroad* is not over-technical, nor in any sense a handbook. It is written by people who sometimes canoe for people who sometimes canoe.

Week-end Competitions

No. 447

Set by Allan M. Laing

The Japanese Board of Tourist Industry once issued a booklet entitled *How to Behave before Foreigners*, for the instruction of women and girl attendants in hotels, etc. Among its precepts these two are characteristic samples:

> Don't ask a foreigner's age unless it is absolutely required.
>
> Light pranks add zest to your service; but don't pull people's ears.

The usual prizes are offered for ten similar rules applicable to British waitresses, etc., in their treatment of foreigners. Satire and humour are *not* barred.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, October 7th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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October–December, 1938

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CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 445

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for the best reflections of one of the following: the skylark on Shelley, the primrose on Wordsworth, the oyster on Erasmus Darwin, the cherry on Housman, the flea on Donne, the kestrel on Auden, the cat on Baudelaire, the tiger on Blake, the camel on Kipling, the spotted persicaria on Browning, the baby on Swinburne, or the hippopotamus on Eliot.

Report by G. W. Stonier

Although I did not insist that reflections should be in verse or in the style of the poet addressed, most competitors assumed this. And brilliantly they carried out the idea. The flea thundered with Donne, Housman was greeted by a moping cherry, Kipling and the camel intertwined, the primrose outstared Wordsworth, the baby out-spouted Swinburne: only the oyster and the spotted persicaria remained silent. The tone was not always indignant. Kipling and the camel, indeed, proved to be on excellent terms, though there was a feeling that his barrack-room days were best.

> And lest we forget the days
> Like yer bleedin' 'ymn tune says,
> Long before you went an' got so truly vile,
> And yer Puckin' and yer Pookin'
> Nearly 'ad yer old friends took in,
> We record yer once possessed a lovely style.
>
> (Charles Furbank)

The cat and Baudelaire saw eye to eye, too, on everything except the charms of his mulatto mistress. I must congratulate Miss E. Davis on the sympathetic understanding shown in her sonnet:

> . . . Seul ton tabac brulant est en paix dans ton âme,
> Et dans mon coeur gonflé par ses puissants arômes
> Je songe à mon amour en te frôlant les paumes. . . .

—which is good Baudelaire and good cat. Unfortunately, despite Miss Davis's skilful and charming French, I can't make a number of her lines scan and therefore I can't give her the prize she might otherwise deserve. In idea, in intention, she comes out high. The Blakes and the Donnes were nearly all good: sharp but not unsympathetic. Towanbucket's was a very kindly tiger confronted by a burning Blake:

> Little man what ails thee?
> Dost thou know what ails thee?
>
> * * *
>
> Little man, I'll tell thee:
> Thou hast swallowed poet fire:
> Flames are flickering o'er thy lyre;
> In the forest of thy mind
> Roam strange beasts none else may find,
> Stronger, bolder than the best
> This poor jungle can contest.
> Little man, God help thee!
> Little man, God help thee!

Donne's flea was (naturally) nimble, with a relish of the situation ascribed to him. This is a witty retort to the poet's ingenuity:

> Staye yet thy ruthless hand; and see,
> In killing mee thou kill'st what's dear to thee.
> I suck'd thy Julia's bloode e'er I suck'd thine,
> And thou wilt spill hers if thou wilt spill mine.
> 'Tis thou, not I, would have her maidenhead,
> Yet I, not thou, have entrance to her bedde;
> Before I flew in here to trouble thee
> I lay in that sweet bow'r where thou wouldst bee,
> And if thou slay'st mee, 'tis for jealousie.
>
> (L. W. Bailey)

After such a beginning I was disappointed by Mr. Bailey's second verse, which played heavily, and not very amusingly, on where the flea had bitten Julia. But the level of wit and metaphysics among fleas, to judge from this competition, is remarkably high.

Of the others, primroses, skylarks and hippos spoke well in character.

A LAMENT

(The Primrose to Wordsworth)

> Poet, I thank thee not, that thou
> Did'st sing thus of my name;
> Gone is the pleasant solitude,
> When no one this way came
> And this gay sunny vale of mine
> Will never be the same.
>
> For now the passing traveller
> This Rock no longer slights.
> Out come your reasoning Sons of Men
> On bicycles, in tights;
> Nor hang the glow-worms up their lamps,
> But cars switch on their lights.
>
> (D. N. Whatley)

So far all the poems I have quoted have been parodies. One or two competitors broke away into styles of their own, and the best of these was Redling, whose hippopotamus is disarming:

> "When Ah'm through with dem martyred virgins Ah sho' will gib Massa Elyut one big smackin' kiss for all him done for us inarticl—inarticl—for us 'potamuses."

In a competition in which most entries were good, it has been a little difficult to decide how to give the prizes. "Pulex" deserves a First Prize of one guinea for his prose Donne, which compasses grandeur and anecdote, and after hesitation I suggest dividing a Second Prize of one and a half guineas between John Dunbar and A. P.-R., as usual expertly modern.

FIRST PRIZE

A Descendant of Donne's Original Flea is Speaking, over Twenty Years Later, to His Host.

"What, sir, are we in the waie to Paules Crosse, to heere the Deane preach of the paines of hell? Hee maketh moe men to lie awake, to seeke out and sigh for their sinnes; thanne I and all my race of rest-robbers and night-annoyes, to seeke & scratche by candlelight. Hee is a grete disturber of the peace of this citie of London. And yet I love him well (for I & my people have ever loved sanctity, & habited with holy men); as my ancestor loved him (that dyed in his service and liveth in his verse).

"This famous flea, sir, was Jacke Donnes faytheful freende & fellow, xx yeeres agoe. They sorted well together; being both lads of metile & foes to quietnesse, good bedde-men & haunters of hostelries; & as the one was nimble of his limbes, so the other of his wittes, and bothe prodigious leapers in their owne kinde, soe that a man might not know where to have them next.

"Jacke Donne (thate is nowe the Dean) woulde have had his faithfull flea doe the office of a bedde for him & his mistresse (since shee would meete with him in no other). If you would know how this illustrious flea (pulvex illustrissimus) dyed, having performed a service of soe great weighte; reade Jacke Donne's lines.

"Fare you well, sir. In so greate a presse as crowdeth aboute the Crosse you are like to lose me (and find a dozen moe). If I may come to him through the throng of sermon swallowers, I will seek entertainment with the Dean; and as my ancestor laboured to serve his youth in the gratification (though slight), soe will I his age in the mortification of the flesh."

PULEX

SECOND PRIZE (1)

Speech by a Kestrel

Now boys, let's talk plainly; we're old friends, you and I, we don't have to pretend or hide from one another, we let the Major seek the corner in restaurants and the lonely medical student pass the journey in the second class lavatory to escape from the embarrassing gossip of Nazis. Now you there, Stephen, leaning in the corner puzzled by Punch, imagine yourself in the smart consulting room, quoting Marx to the analyst and recounting with equal fervour your early sexual experiences, speak up frankly, I understand you. Aren't you getting woolly? Haven't we had enough of the fence? There's land each side you know and it's not all bog. Haven't we had enough of the juggler's reflex and the badly rehearsed response? Why not throw a brick through the window of Fabers, or retire to a more distant county and read the minor classics? And you, Wystan, come out from under the sofa, stop making plans for seizing the empty gas-works. I'm not like you, you know. I'm a kestrel, an opportunist murderer with no doubts about my reactions. You see, Wystan, I'm not a good mixer, I don't care one screech for the coward's stance, or the peculiar gestures of friends. Come away from the cage, my bonny bright boy-scout, watch out for the frontiers, mind my beak. And as for you, Louis (I know you're a new boy) are you pulling your weight? Will you get in the ping-pong team? Or do you walk alone and think of your borzoi when the others are plotting in the alley behind the power-house? You're out of the picture, Louis, but you may be framed. Quick, Wystan, all of you, drop your toy trains and your half-written novels, get out eyries down to the cellar; here come the hawks and the helmeted airmen.

JOHN DUNBAR

SECOND PRIZE (2)

The Hippopotamus on Mr. Eliot (et haec species)

> The bleak blue-nosed Homunculus
> Squats on its tail in Regent's Park;
> Degenerate, & oblivious
> Of Noah & the Ark.
>
> He gnaws his shipmates' flesh & blood.
> Supported on exiguous bones,
> He begs his daily bread of God
> In hushed & hieratic tones.
>
> The sleek Homunculus's day
> Is spent in words: all night he chats:
> To move in some mysterious way
> A multitude of Ararats.
>
> Blood of his kind shall purge his sins;
> He shall ascend in bestial state;
> Among the bellowing cherubins
> He shall be LEADER, & dictate!
>
> A. P.-R.

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 300.—THE TWO MOTOR CARS

"All my traffic cops," said Inspector Bigboots, "are trained to notice interesting facts about the numbers of motor cars. These often help us to check up on the numbers of cars that we are trying to trace."

"I should think they do," said I.

"Here's a case in point," he went on. "The other day two cars were wanted which were concerned in a smash-and-grab raid. Each had a number of three digits. Five constables saw both cars and, while none of them could remember either of the numbers, they respectively reported the following 'facts':

Constable A: Both the numbers were primes.

Constable B: One car number was under 300.

Constable C: The sum of the two numbers was 1,000.

Constable D: The difference of the two numbers was a number of three digits, all different.

Constable E: The six digits comprised in the two numbers were all different."

"Were those facts all true?" I asked.

"As a matter of fact," said Bigboots, "they were not. One of my five constables was mistaken. But you can work out for yourself what the numbers of the cars were if I tell you that, given the four true statements to work from, the solution of my problem is unique."

What were the two carnumbers?

PROBLEM 298.—ELOCUTIONARY

Solution by F. A. Adams

Six boys and 14 girls competed of whom 2 were sons and 4 were daughters of Mr. Glibly.

Method: Let a, b represent Glibly's sons and daughters. A, B, the total boys and girls respectively.

Then $A + B = 20$, $A < B$ and $a + b = 6$.

The chance of any set of "a" boys winning all the prizes is:

$$\frac{1}{{}_{A}C^{a}} \quad or \quad \frac{1}{{}_{A+1}C^{a}} \text{ if there are } A + 1 \text{ boys.}$$

Similarly the chance of any set of "b" girls is:

$$\frac{1}{{}_{B}C^{b}} \quad or \quad \frac{1}{{}_{B-1}C^{b}} \text{ if there are } B - 1 \text{ girls.}$$

The chance therefore of "a" boys and "b" girls winning together is:

$$\frac{1}{{}_{A}C^{a}} \times \frac{1}{{}_{B}C^{b}} \quad or \quad \frac{1}{{}_{A+1}C^{a}} \times \frac{1}{{}_{B-1}C^{b}}$$

but, we are told, these chances are equal, so that:

$$\frac{{}_{A+1}C^{a}}{{}_{A}C^{a}} = \frac{{}_{B}C^{b}}{{}_{B-1}C^{b}}$$

By inspection, the only values (within the limits) that satisfy this are (1) $a = 2$, $b = 4$ and (2) $a = 4$, $b = 2$.

(1) gives A = 6, B = 14; (2) gives A = 13, B = 7. But $A < B$ and (1) alone gives an acceptable answer.

PROBLEM 297.—THE PIETAS CODE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to G. Haslewood, 15 Woodcock Dell Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex.

Eight points are awarded.

To Competitors

May I once again ask competitors (i) not to send solutions to two problems on the same sheet of paper; (ii) not to address queries to me about prizes, previous solutions, etc., at the foot of the solution of a problem?

Where these rules are disregarded, the second solutions, queries, etc., are apt to be overlooked. CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

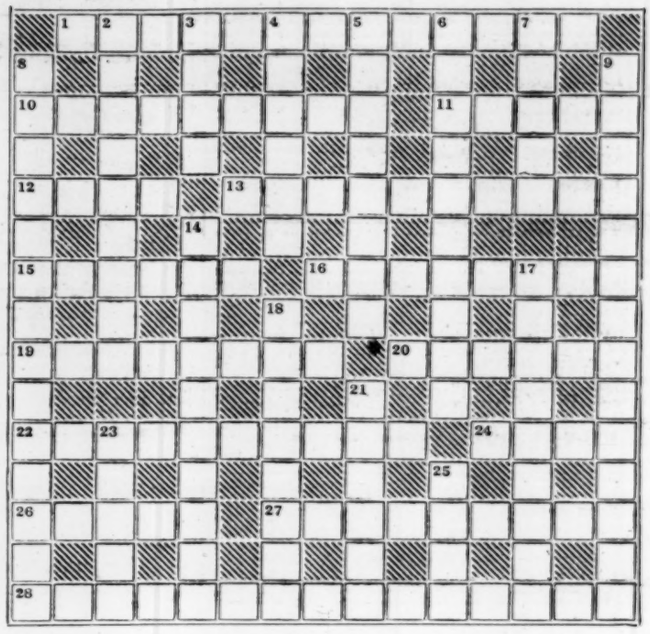
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 447

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
F. W. Bevan, 13 Acton Street, W.C.1

ACROSS

1. A blooming indoor arrangement. (13)
10. Result of main violence. (9)
11. Eastern two-wheeler. (5)
12. The murderer got me canned. (4)
13. Another version of Byron's Tocsin of the Soul. (10)
15. She barged into the next world. (6)
16. How to make someone come to the point on being seated? (8)
19. Domestic measure of oratory? (8)
20. The hound's a foot under it. (6)
22. A blockhead? (10)
24. "She's like a —, gone to burning hell." (4)
26. The usual period of unconsciousness. (5)
27. One clean cut will produce it. (9)
28. Men of colour in the Army. (15)

DOWN

2. Theirs is a stately establishment. (9)
3. Times when one's nose is put out of joint. (4)
4. Result of being absolutely petrified. (6)
5. It's not safe to take in small doses. (8)
6. Dessert will come to the women later. (10)
7. Music from Doorn, not necessarily broadcast. (5)
8. Where the pitched battles of the Turf take place. (14)
9. Where they used to string people up in Babylon? (14)
14. Such people are not assessed at their true value. (10)
17. Beat up in a hearty manner. (9)
18. He who calls out "I spy." (8)
21. At this time of year he is old enough to be run after. (6)
23. Literally Greeks. (5)
25. She upset a sale. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	T	O	B	E	O	R	N	O	T	T	O	B	E	■
O	■	R	■	R	E	■	S	■	E	■	R	■	F	
M	A	M	M	A	L	S	■	C	O	N	T	O	U	R
I	■	O	■	S	■	T	■	A	■	T	■	M	■	I
S	A	N	H	E	D	R	I	N	■	M	A	I	N	E
T	■	D	■	■	■	I	■	■	■	A	■	D	■	N
R	H	E	U	M	■	C	H	I	C	K	W	E	E	D
E	■	■	■	O	■	T	■	N	■	E	■	■	■	S
S	E	A	C	O	A	S	T	S	■	R	A	Z	O	R
S	■	S	■	N	■	■	■	T	■	■	■	I	■	O
M	A	I	L	S	■	T	R	A	N	S	F	O	R	M
I	■	N	■	H	■	H	■	N	■	E	■	N	■	A
N	E	E	D	I	E	R	■	T	E	N	S	I	O	N
E	■	G	■	N	■	O	■	L	■	S	■	S	■	S
■	C	O	M	E	A	W	A	Y	D	E	A	T	H	■

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

AMBASSADORS. Spring Meeting Wed., Fri.

APOLLO. Idiot's Delight. Tues. & Thurs.

COLISEUM. Varieties. Sats., 2.30.

COMEDY. Room for Two. Tu., Fri.

DRURY LANE. Henry V. Wed., Sat.

GLOBE. "Robert's Wife" Wed. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. Fleet's Lit Up. Th. & Sat.

LYRIC. The Flashing Stream. Wed. & Thurs.

OLD VIC. Trelawny of the Wells. Thur., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Dear Octopus. Wed. & Sat.

SAVOY. Lot's Wife. Mon., Sat.

SHAFT'BURY. Good-bye, Mr. Chips. W., S.

STRAND. Banana Ridge. Thurs. & Sat.

WESTMINSTER. Troilus & Cressida. W. S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. (Tem.6404). 8.30. Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30.
LILIAN BRAITHWAITE in
COMEDIENNE
by IVOR NOVELLO.
With BARRY JONES.

AMBASSADORS. Tem. 1171. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wednesdays & Fridays, 2.30
SPRING MEETING
A Light Comedy by M. J. Farrell and John Perry.

APOLLO. (Ger. 2663.) 8.30. Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
IDIOT'S DELIGHT
by Robert E. Sherwood. (Last 2 Weeks)
LEE TRACY. TAMARA GEVA.

COMEDY. Whi. 2578. Evgs. 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
ELSIE RANDOLPH, HENRY KENDALL and
HUGH WAKEFIELD in
ROOM FOR TWO

DRURY LANE. Tem. Bar 7171.
EVENINGS 8.15. Mats., WED., SAT., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES in **HENRY V.**
Reduced prices for Bookable Seats at Mats.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243). Evgs. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDYKE, EMLYN WILLIAMS in
THE CORN IS GREEN
A Comedy
by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

DUKE OF YORK'S. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
SEYMOUR HICKS in
THE LAST TRUMP
by JAMES BRIDIE.
THE MALVERN FESTIVAL SUCCESS.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
Mats. WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
FRANCES DAY, STANLEY LUPINO
ADELE DIXON, RALPH READER
in **THE FLEET'S LIT UP**

LYRIC. Ger. 3686. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
GODFREY TEARLE, MARGARET RAWLINGS in
THE FLASHING STREAM
by CHARLES MORGAN.

OLD VIC. (WATERLOO 6336.) 6d. to 7s. 6d.
EVGS. (ex. Mon), 8.0. Mats., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
TRELAWNEY OF THE WELLS
by SIR ARTHUR PINERO.
SOPHIE STEWART. O. B. CLARENCE.

PLAYHOUSE. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30. (Ex. Mon.) Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
"THOU SHALT NOT—"
by Emile Zola.

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Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST JOHN GIELGUD in
DEAR OCTOPUS. By DODIE SMITH.

SAVOY. (Tem. 8888). Evgs., 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.
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NORA SWINBURNE. J. H. ROBERTS.
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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates, and all information on page 507

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

DOWN LIKE LEAD—UP LIKE A ROCKET

BEFORE the dramatic announcement of the Four-Power Conference reached the City on Wednesday, the Stock Exchange had been the centre of inspissated gloom. Monday had opened with a good deal of selling from the Continent in the gilt-edged market, and prices had suffered a general fall of around five points. On Tuesday there was talk of closing the House and a conference was held between the leading jobbers and the Government brokers. As a result, minimum prices were fixed for British Government funds, home corporation and public board stocks on a "two-point" basis. The minimum quotations were usually about two points below the middle prices ruling at the close on Monday after the general fall had occurred. On the basis of these minimum prices dealing became a matter of negotiation, that is to say, if you were a buyer you had to wait until the jobber could find a seller. But quite a lot of dealing proceeded smoothly on this basis, for the minimum prices gave the brokers something to work on. Possibly the Treasury or the Bank of England were behind the gilt-edged jobbers, but as far as I could ascertain there was no stock available at a "tap" price from semi-Government sources. I give in the following table the attractive yields which were available on the basis of the minimum prices:

	Price.	Gross Yields % Flat.	Adjusted Redemption.*
War Loan 3½% (1952/or after)..	93	£3 16 0	—
Locals 3%	79 x.d.	3 16 0	—
Consolidated 2½%	66 x.d.	3 15 9	—
Funding 4% (1960–90) ..	102 x.d.	3 18 3	£3 15 9
Consolidated 4% (1957 or after)	101	3 19 9	3 19 0
Victory 4%	102	3 18 9	3 17 0
Conversion 4½% (1940–44) ..	101	4 9 9	4 7 0
Conversion 3% (1948–53) ..	93	3 4 9	3 16 6
Conversion 2½% (1944–49) ..	91 x.d.	2 15 0	3 16 0
Funding 3% (1959–69) ..	91 x.d.	3 5 9	3 11 9
Funding 2¾% (1952–57) ..	90	3 1 6	3 14 9
Funding 2½% (1956–61) ..	83 x.d.	3 0 0	3 18 0
National Defence 2½% (1944–48)	93	2 13 9	3 17 3
National Defence 3% (1954–58)	93	3 4 9	3 13 6

* Gross equivalent of net redemption yield with tax at 5s. 6d.

It will be seen that there were some tempting yields on the basis of the minimum prices. The best "hedge" against trouble was to buy 4½ per cent. Conversion 1940–44. If all went badly there was a running yield of £4 9s. 9d. per cent. up to 1944, and if all went well the stock would be repaid at par in 1940, and the redemption yield would be £4 7s. 0d. per cent. The redemption yield, of course, falls sharply with a rise in price. Thus at 101½ the redemption yield would be £3 19s. 9d. per cent. But on Wednesday morning it seemed to me that the nervous investor could not have found a better funkhole than Conversion 4½ per cent.

* * *

In the industrial market the fall in prices had been equally or more severe and dealing had become entirely a matter of negotiation. As a record of the effect of war fears and peace hopes upon securities I bring up to date the table which I gave last week.

	Sept. 13th.	Sept. 21st.	Sept. 28th.	Sept. 29th.
Anglo-Iranian £1 ..	4 9/16	5	4½	£4 15 0
Distillers £1 ..	90/–	94/6	83/–	91/–
Shell Transport £1..	4 1/32	4 9/32	3 7/8	4 1/32
Turner and Newall £1	71/3	76/–	67/6	71/3
Unilever £1	31/10½	35/–	31/6	33/3

* Allowing for a reduced rate of tax.

There was no great selling at these prices, because jobbers would only make prices in one or two hundred shares. Nor was there much incentive for investors to sell, because the Stock Exchange is dealing for a three weeks' account and settlement in the event of war would certainly be postponed for a longer period. Business had, therefore, become nominal and an idle Stock Exchange had been passing the time mainly in circulating idle rumours. But the situation was rapidly changed by the announcement after hours of the new Four-Power Conference. Bears rushed to cover, speculators rushed to buy. Shell Transport, for example, rose from 3⅞ to 4¼ bid in the street and War Loan from 93 to 97.

With a strong over-night advance in Wall Street, where the Dow Jones index re-bounded from 130.2 to 133.7, the market opened bullishly on Thursday, as the table above shows. War Loan by mid-day was 99.

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